

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 142 (2302).—VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—All Works of

Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Engraving, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on Monday, the 8th, or Tuesday, the 9th of April next, after which time no work can possibly be received, nor can any Works be received, which have already been publicly exhibited.

FRAMES.—All Pictures and Drawings must be in gilt frames. Oil Paintings under glass, and Drawings with wide margins, are inadmissible. Excessive breadth in frames as well as projecting mouldings may prevent Pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit. The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package.

The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

Artists sending Works for exhibition are earnestly requested to abstain from giving any fee whatever to the servants, or other persons employed by the Royal Academy to receive such Works.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS,

PORTLAND GALLERY, 316, REGENT STREET. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the WORKS of MODERN ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN from Nine till dusk. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence. Single Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

BELL SMITH, Secretary.

FEMALE ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

FIFTH SEASON.—THE EXHIBITION of 1861 is Now Open at the Gallery, No. 43, Pall Mall.—Admission, One Shilling. Catalogues, 6d.

ELIZA D. MURRAY, Secretary.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA.

THE LISTS CLOSE 31st OF MARCH INSTANT.

Every Subscriber has the chance of a valuable Prize, and in addition receives an impression of a large and important Line Engraving

By J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A.,

from the original picture by TURNER, in the National Collection, entitled,

"Italy; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,"

now Ready for Delivery.

The Prizes will include the right to select for himself a Valuable Work of Art from one of the Public Exhibitions; Bronze Statuettes of CARACTUS from the original by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.; Porcelain Busts from the renowned antique APOLLO BELVEDERE; Medals in Silver commemorative of SIR DAVID WILKIE, and other works to be hereafter announced—all produced expressly and solely for the Society.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec.
LEWIS POCOCK, J. Seca.

444, West Strand,
March 1, 1861.

GARIBALDI IN THE CITY.—T.

JONES BARKER'S GRAND HISTORICAL PAINTING of the Great ITALIAN PATRIOT, GARIBALDI, in his Island Home, Caprera, is now ON VIEW DAILY, from ten to five o'clock, at Messrs. J. and R. JENNINGS'S Fine Art Gallery, 62, Cheapside. N.B.—Admission Free, by private address or invitation card.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

FOR THE RELIEF OF DECAYED ARTISTS, THEIR WIDOWS, AND ORPHANS.

Instituted 1814. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1842.

Under the Immediate Protection of Her Most Excellent Majesty THE QUEEN.

PATRON.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT, K.G.

PRESIDENT.

SIR CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers are respectfully informed that the FORTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated in FREEMASONS' HALL, on SATURDAY, the 23rd instant.

The Right Hon. WILLIAM COWPER, M.P., in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

M. E. Grant Duff, Esq., M.P.	W. Holman Hunt, Esq.
Thomas Oldham Barlow, Esq.	James Parker, Esq.
Charles E. Burrell, Esq.	Richard Redgrave, Esq., R.A.
Edward Foster, Esq.	George Robinson, Esq.
Henry Graves, Esq.	Sydney Smirke, Esq., R.A.
M. F. Halliday, Esq.	William Turquand, Esq.
William Hemsley, Esq.	William Vokins, Esq.
James Clarke Hook, Esq., R.A.	Henry Weigall, Esq.

Dinner on Table at Six precisely. The Musical arrangements under the direction of Mr. Land, assisted by the London Glee and Madrigal Union.

Tickets, £1 1s. each, to be had of the Stewards; of Henry Wyndham Phillips, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 8, George Street, Hanover Square, W.; and of the Assistant Secretary, 50, Bernard Street, Russell Square.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

ART-UNION OF ENGLAND.—

Subscription, Half-a-Guinea.—The whole of the funds are expended in Works of Art, selected by purchasers from the Public Exhibitions throughout the kingdom. The Committee invite applications from gentlemen willing to act as agents in the provinces. Subscription list will close on 27th April. Offices, 13, Regent-street, S.W., opposite the Gallery of Illustration.

BELL SMITH, Secretary.

Important to Schools of Design, Academies, Colleges, Families, etc

Nearly Ready, Part I. of

CHRISTIAN FINE ART MODEL DRAWINGS,

Copied from Studies of the most distinguished Artists of the Dusseldorf School, and other sources.

Drawn on stone under the superintendence of eminent Artists of the Dusseldorf Academy.

THE FIRST PART will be from Studies

after PROFESSOR DEGER. Each Model will be signed by its respective Artist. Price to Subscribers, in Parts of three sheets, folio, Five Shillings each Part, India proofs. Price to Non-subscribers, Seven Shillings and Sixpence each Part. The annual publication will consist of Four Parts. Subscriptions payable annually in advance, and will be continuous unless notice is given in writing to the contrary.

Second edition, 2 vols., fcap. 8vo., 6s.

EGERIA, or, CASUAL THOUGHTS

AND SUGGESTIONS.

By B. DOCKRAY.

"The author seems thoroughly to have imbibed the spirit of Berkeley."

BADEN POWELL'S ORDER OF NATURE.

"Thoughtful and thought-suggestive."—Athenaeum.

By the same author, price 1s. 6d.

OUR HUMAN NATURE.—A DIALOGUE.

"Testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ."—Tertullian.

Also, price 1s. 6d.

CONJECTURAL RESTORATION OF

THE LOST DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO TWINS. By Sir Thomas Browne, 1683. Edited by B. DOCKRAY.

London: A. W. BENNETT, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT

GARDEN.—Under the management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees.

On Tuesday the 19th, for the Benefit of Mr. W. HARRISON, Manager, to commence at Eight o'clock with Wallace's MARITANA. (This night only) Don Cesar de Bazan, Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Pyne; Messrs. H. Corri, Durand, Horncastle, Leman; Miss Huddart, Miss Leffer; Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon; and a Grand Concert, in which eminent artists will appear.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT

GARDEN.—Under the management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees.

Thursday the 21st, for the Benefit of Miss LOUISA PYNE, Manageress, commencing at Eight o'clock with the DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT: Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Leffer; Messrs. H. Corri, St. Albany, Horncastle, Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To Conclude with the Third Act of the BOHEMIAN GIRL: Thaddeus, Mr. W. Harrison; Arline, Miss Louisa Pyne; and the Members of the Royal English Opera Company.

Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling; Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. GYE has the honour to announce that the Opera Season of 1861 will commence on Tuesday, April 2. On the Opening Night will be performed METEERBEER'S Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE.

The Programme, with full particulars, may be had at the Box Office under the Portico of the Theatre.

THE FLORAL HALL GLASS MOSAIC

FERN CASES, GLASS MOSAIC JARDINIÈRES, so much admired at the Rose Show last Season; several new patterns now ready. Well adapted for presents. Paper Weights, Urn Stands, Chess Tables.—G. H. STEVENS, Glass Mosaic Works, 56, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.

FRAUDULENT TRADE MARKS.—

BROOKMAN and LANGDON having seriously suffered from extensive forgeries of their trade marks, request their friends and the public to procure their PENCILS either from respectable stationers or the Manufactory. The patronage bestowed upon them for upwards of a century by all lovers of the fine arts, testifies to the continued estimation in which they are held.—Manufactory, 28, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Just published, price 6s. 6d.

JOURNAL OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

1. Mr. Hammett.—On the International Statistical Congress, 1860.
2. Miss Carpenter.—On Educational Aid for Destitute Children.
3. Mr. Newmarch.—On the Direct and Indirect Taxation of the United Kingdom.
4. Mr. Jourdan.—On the Effect of the Gold Supplies on the Foreign Exchanges.
5. Mr. L. Levi.—On the Public Expenditure of the United Kingdom.
6. Mr. Newmarch.—On the Trade of the United Kingdom in 1860.
7. Miscellaneous and Quarterly Returns.

London: PARKER, SON, and BOURN, 445, West Strand, W.C.

W. C. BENNETT'S NEW VOLUMES.

Price 1s. Now Ready. Third Thousand.

BABY MAY, and other Poems on Infants.

In fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING, and other Poems.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

This day, fcap. 8vo., cloth, 7s.

GARIBALDI AND OTHER POEMS.

By M. E. BRADDOCK.

"Some of the poems in this book evince a fine faculty and a delicate cultivation. *Olivia*, a story-poem, in irregular rhymes, contains passages of great beauty."—Athenaeum

London: BOSWORTH and HARRISON, 215, Regent Street.

NEW WORK BY GEORGE ELIOT.
TO BE PUBLISHED ON THE 2ND OF APRIL.

SILAS MARNER.

THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,
Author of "Adam Bede," &c. In One Volume. Price 12s.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MRS. S. C. HALL'S NEW MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. C. HALL,

And designed to promote the Interests of Home, the Refinements of Life, and the Amusement and Information of all Classes.

No. I., READY MARCH 23, 1861.

* * The First Number will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Tale, by Mrs. S. C. HALL, entitled
"CAN WRONG BE RIGHT?"
Illustrated with Etching on Steel, by "PHIZ."

LONDON: SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO., 66, BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

Ready this day, cloth, fep. 8vo., price Three Shillings and Sixpence.

FUN, FEELING, AND FANCY LAYS AND LYRICS.

By JOHN GEORGE WATTS,
Author of "Clare, the Gold Seeker," etc. etc.
W. KENT AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

In One Volume, post 8vo., price 10s. 6d., cloth,

A DICTIONARY OF TERMS IN ART,
Edited and Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.,
Author of "Costume in England," &c. Hon. Memb. of the
Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Poitiers, and Picardy;
and Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of
Scotland. Illustrated by 500 Engravings on Wood.

The plan embraced in this work includes all such terms as
are generally employed in painting, sculpture, and en-
graving, whether descriptive of real objects or principles of
action; it thus includes the *Esthetics* of Art, as well as their
practical results. The technical terms for antique vases or
medieval pottery, sacred and domestic implements, as well
as for costume, civil and military, armour, arms, &c., will be
included; all of which form the component parts of a picture,
or may be included in its description; an analysis of
colours and artistic implements; a brief notice of the saints
and their symbols; such manufacturing processes as call
Art to their aid, or such terms in architecture and the cog-
nate arts as are necessarily used in Art. Thus, while this
Dictionary exhibits a somewhat wide range of subject, the
restrictive limit embodied in its title will prevent its resem-
blance to any other; giving it a completeness and utility as
a general reference-book to all students or amateurs of the
Fine Arts.

London: J. B. VIRTUE, City-road and Ivy-lane.

Now ready, New Edition, price 12s. cloth lettered, with
Twelve Engravings on Steel.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON PORTRAIT

PAINTING: Illustrated by Examples from the Works
of Van Dyke and other Authors. By JOHN BURNET,
F.R.S. Author of "Letters on Landscape Painting," "Rem-
brandt and his Works," &c. &c. Re-edited, and with an
Appendix, by HENRY MURRAY, F.S.A.

London: JAMES S. VIRTUE, City Road and Ivy Lane.

New Edition, price 12s., cloth lettered, with Fourteen
Engravings on Steel.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WORKS:

comprising a Short Account of his Life: with a
Critical Examination into his Principles and Practice of
Design, Light, Shade, and Colour. Illustrated by Examples
from the Etchings of Rembrandt. By JOHN BURNET,
F.R.S. Author of "Practical Hints on Painting." Re-
edited by H. MURRAY, F.S.A.

London: JAMES S. VIRTUE, City Road and Ivy Lane.

On 23rd March will be published,

THE PUNJAB AND DELHI IN 1857:

Being a Narrative of the measures by which the Punjab was
saved and Delhi recovered during the Indian Mutiny.

By the Rev. J. CAVE-BROWNE,
Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column.

2 vols. post 8vo., price 21s.

With Portraits and Plans of the Chief Stations and of the
different Engagements.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, Edinburgh and London.

NEW WORK BY PROFESSOR GAMGEE.

To be published in Monthly Parts, Price One Shilling,

Each Part to be Complete in itself,

OUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS

IN HEALTH AND DISEASE,

By JOHN GAMGEE,

Principal of the New Veterinary College.

This Work is destined for the Breeder, Feeder, and Grazier,
no less than for the Veterinary Profession.

Part I. will appear on 1st May, 1861.

THOMAS C. JACK, 92, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH;
and all Booksellers.

A PORTRAIT OF MADAME BONAPARTE, NÉE PATTERSON,

With a Memoir of the late Prince Jerome, in addition to a
variety of interesting papers and numerous engravings by
W. J. LINTON, will appear in No. 3, for March, of

ENTERTAINING THINGS,

A Magazine of Thoughtful and Intellectual Amusement,

Profusely ILLUSTRATED by the most POPULAR ARTISTS

PRICE TWOPENCE MONTHLY.

London: ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW,
And all Booksellers.

HATCHARD AND CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

THOUGHTS ON PREACHING; specially
in relation to the Requirements of the Age.

BY DANIEL MOORE, M.A.,

Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell, and Tuesday
Morning Lecturer at St. Margaret's, Lothbury.

Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

1. Preaching as an Ordinance of God.
2. The Office of Preaching.
3. The Intellectual Demands of the Age.
4. The Final Object of Preaching.
5. The Parts and Arrangements of a Sermon.
6. Style.
7. Subject Matter of Sermons.
8. Delivery.
9. Extempore Preaching.
10. Supplemental Topics.

"On all these subjects Mr. Moore treats fully, clearly,
and earnestly, and introduces a great deal of illustration in
the way of anecdote, or quotations from various well-
known authors. The book is thus very interesting, apart
from the great end it contemplates, and cannot be read
without profit."—*Clerical Journal*.

II.

EIGHTY SKETCHES OF SERMONS;
with an Introductory Essay.

By the DEAN OF CARLISLE.

8vo., cloth, 5s. 6d.

III.

HINTS ON PREACHING; designed for the
use of the Younger Clergy, and of Candidates for
Holy Orders.

By J. JONES, M.A., Archdeacon of Liverpool.

Fcap. cloth, 2s.

IV.

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE not at
VARIANCE;

With Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspira-
tion, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of
Genesis.

By JOHN H. PRATT, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta.
Fourth Edition; with additional Illustrations from Bunsen,
Horner, Darwin, and "Goodwin on Mosaic Cosmogony."
8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

V.

A FEW WORDS TO HIS CONTEM-
PORARIES AT COLLEGE.

By A LATE UNDERGRADUATE OF OXFORD.

8vo., price 6d.

VI.

A COURSE OF SERMONS for the YEAR.

By R. DRUMMOND B. RAWNSLEY, M.A.,
Vicar of Shiplake, Oxon; Author of "Village Sermons."
1 vol., crown 8vo. [Just ready.]

VII.

SHORT SERMONS on the ELEMENTS
of CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

By the Rev. S. A. PEARS, D.D., Head Master of Repton
School. [Just ready.]

VIII.

FUTURITY. By WILLIAM MERRY, Esq.

Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged.

Fcap. cloth, 2s.

"This is an excellent, nay, a beautiful little work. We
recommend it to the perusal of doubters, and the enjoyment
of believers. . . . Christianity in its most affecting form to
unsophisticated minds."—*Times*.

IX.

THE SHELTERING VINE. Selections
by the COUNTESS OF NORTHESK.

With an Introduction by the Very Rev. R. C. TRENCH,
D.D., Dean of Westminster.

Sixth Thousand. In 2 vols. small 8vo., cloth, price 10s. 6d.

The object of this work is to afford consolation under the
various trials of mind and body to which all are exposed, by
a selection of texts and passages from Holy Scripture, and
extracts from old and modern authors in prose and poetry,
with a selection of prayers adapted to the same.

X.

FERVENT PRAYER. By the Rev.
ASHTON OXENDEN, Rector of Fluckley.

Third Edition. 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

London: HATCHARD AND CO., 187, PICCADILLY.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW THEOLOGY AND INSPIRATION.*

IF the loud and wellnigh frantic cry for some "short and easy method" in refutation of *Essays and Reviews* be taken as in any degree a measure of the influence which the new or negative theology is exercising upon society, it must be no less confessed that the quality of the article put forth with that pretension bears melancholy witness to the discreditable panic and confusion which this rude though desultory attack has been able to produce within the citadel of popular belief. If evidence were needed of the defects which underlie the whole framework of current education, especially in the matter of religious training, what more emphatic sign could be adduced than that of the existing aspect of the religious world in face of the controversy at present agitating it? Few of the difficulties now pressing for solution are absolutely new. With most of them, in their separate forms at least, every mind but moderately conversant with the history of modern opinion must almost of necessity have been familiar; nor should any man of disciplined and balanced intellect have been found unprepared with "a reason of the hope set before him" when summoned to form a judgment on topics so vital to the interests of his soul. Sad however to say, the crisis serves but to exemplify as it were the spectacle of a theological post disorganized in presence of a night attack, or, as some would say, a rising darkly made by its own sworn defenders; and we must perforce prepare ourselves for the usual accompaniments of a surprise and impromptu defence, and must look for a shower of missiles snatched at random from the nearest store and slung with indiscriminating hand, damaging here a friend and there a foe.

To no other cause than the urgency of this demand are we able to attribute the apparent complacency and satisfaction with which sundry publications of the nature of a reply have been accepted by the public. To the ruffled orthodoxy of many a country parsonage and quiet spiritual coterie, rather than to any intrinsic power or cogency of its own, is probably due that popular acceptance which has crowned the current number of the *Quarterly Review* with the unwonted distinction of a fourth edition. Written with no little rhetorical ability, it is yet most conspicuous for tact and cautiousness in approaching the positive side of the controversy, or grappling in a broad and philosophical spirit with the real questions which demand solution. So far as its actual letter goes, the tenor of the argument is as logically applicable against the time-worn discoveries of Galileo, as against the recent innovations of Goodwin and Williams. The strictness with which even the slightest tampering with the literal inspiration of the sacred text is reprobated, would tend to place the organic

facts of physical astronomy under the same ban as the most rash and speculative of geological theories. It is not by isolated and empirical treatment of their weaker points that these long-gathering difficulties can be so met as to re-settle the public mind, and restore the harmony between ambitious philosophy and religious conviction. Still less is the cause of truth to be promoted by attempts to stifle the spirit of inquiry, or to throw discredit upon the Christianity of an opponent. We are strict lovers of justice; and as we should not hesitate to banish from the Church of England any one whose statements were in due form of law proved to have contravened the formularies to which he had subscribed, so neither would we extrude any individual to whom the same judicial measure had not been openly dealt out. The limits of the Church's communion are rigidly defined by law, and legal tribunals are the appointed guardians of her integrity; nor would we be guilty of narrowing her pale beyond that of her constituted definitions. The real want of the Church is not new boards of heresy, but a large, massive, and systematic theology; animated by an enlightened and critical yet withal reverential spirit, grasping at once the fundamental truths of science and religion, placing each on its appropriate basis, and blending the whole into one comprehensive, united, living organism of belief. The strife will not be without its compensating fruits, which shall have called up but the one master-mind destined to the arbitrament of this, the momentous issue of the future.

To judge from the obloquy which has so generally been poured upon these *Essays*—no less than the *sobriquet* of *Septem contra Christum* popularly attached to their writers—it might, indeed, be thought that these gentlemen had leagued themselves together of set purpose to undermine and explode the religion of the Gospel; to disparage its evidences, weaken its sanctions, and exterminate its dogmas. Nothing can be more unfair than thus to pre-judge and vilify the motives of a writer. Not only in the present instance is there nothing to justify so base and lowering an imputation, but the well-known piety, earnestness, and Christian zeal of the most prominent of their number, such as Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett, should suffice to dissipate such prejudice, and entitle them to a calm and courteous hearing. Far be it from us to reflect in such a manner upon the private character or motives of an adversary, even when most bent upon detecting the fallacy and exposing the erroneous tendency of his views. Let us do justice to men who, if mistaken, are unquestionably sincere; who, if entering upon a course opposed to the current convictions of their brethren, are inwardly animated and nerved with not inferior zeal for the cause of truth. To our mind it is obvious, from the whole tenor of their writings, no less than from the character which they bear, that this contribution has been put forth by them as a serious and *bonâ fide* attempt to mediate between the spirit of religion and the results of modern scientific inquiry; to reconcile the essential faith of the Gospel with the observed system of things in nature and history; to harmonize the inductive processes and broad generalizations of modern philosophy with the truths deduced from the first principles of natural religion, or enunciated by the voice of God. That their efforts in this direction have been uniformly, or even in the main, successful, we are not prepared to admit. On the contrary, we are compelled to declare, and trust in due course to substantiate our declaration, that in many points their assumptions are ungrounded and their conclu-

sions dangerous. But we are disposed to meet them on the common ground of free discussion, as well as with the candour and courtesy which befit the single-minded seeker after truth.

We cannot attempt to grapple *seriatim* with the multifarious topics broached in the course of these compositions. Nor do we attach to them severally the same amount of importance. As regards the disquisitions of Mr. Goodwin on the "Mosaic Cosmogony," or that of Dr. Williams on the Egyptian Researches of Bunsen, Lepsius, and others, we conceive that no well-educated or firmly-grounded believer will insist on upholding the older Scriptures as an authoritative manual of geological facts, or positive canons of history. He will be content with the united witness of the works and word of God to the fact that by Him "in the beginning all things were made," and that in no other form, by no anticipation of modern inductive discoveries, could the truth of their divine origin have been brought home to the understanding and conscience of the time. Satisfied that no real discrepancy can exist between them, he will bid science God-speed, while she tracks His footsteps in creation, with the reason He has thereto given, and in the earnest spirit of truth which He will bless. And he will wait in faith and patience till deeper knowledge shall clear up the seeming incongruities to which an imperfect sciolism may have given birth.

Dr. Wild, a country vicar of liberal views, has issued a brief pamphlet in general defence of the *Essayists*; "showing by extracts from their works that similar doctrines have been maintained by eminent divines and living dignitaries of our church." It is undeniable that considerable latitude has at all times prevailed in the matter of biblical interpretation, and that individual passages, rivalling in boldness and freedom any of those now under censure, are to be culled from the pages of our most approved authorities. But to collect, as it were, into one systematic array the scattered and irregular forces of doubt, and hurl them against the established position of the Gospel, is at best a strange and novel strategy on the part of its own professing defenders. It is this uniform and gratuitous attitude of antagonism that, to our mind, explains, and in the main justifies, the resentment and the scandal to which their conduct has given rise. Is it right, is it either kind or honest, on the part of six clergymen, to heap together every conceivable objection to the established creed, without the slightest clue to the system which they would build up as its substitute; using the influence afforded them by their official position and personal gifts to insinuate into the ardent and susceptible minds of youth the gravest difficulties and doubts, and yet leave them in the dark as to whither they would lead, and on what grounds they would re-settle their belief? It is no sufficient vindication of a step so inconsiderate and unfair, to plead the piety, the beauty, or even the strict orthodoxy of other fragments of their teaching, as has been recently done anonymously by a friend and (as reported) brother professor of the same liberal school as Mr. Jowett, in the form of extracts from the latter's works. What defence is it to the charge of uttering spurious coin, to show that a man has been on many occasions known to pass good half-crowns? We must continue to call for some more positive statement of these writers' opinions upon the points they have more especially controverted; some more open and explicit profession of their faith, and corrective of those suspicions of scepticism, to which their unqualified antagonism must *primâ*

* 1. *A Brief Defence of "Essays and Reviews," &c.* By George J. Wild, LL.D. (Hardwicke).

2. *On Certain Characteristics of Holy Scripture, with special reference to Mr. Jowett's Essay.* Reprinted from the "Christian Remembrancer" for January 1861. By J. G. Cazanove, M.A., Oxon.

3. *The Church and Science; or, the Ancient Hebrew Idea of the Six Days of Creation.* Anon. (Andover, U.S. London: W. J. W. and Co.)

facie expose them. We would abstain, on the present occasion, from pursuing in detail the scientific aspect of the controversy, having on a former occasion expressed our views on the chief points at issue in connection with Mr. Goodwin's paper on the "Mosaic Cosmogony." Those of our readers who wish to pursue the subject in the light of the latest phase of transatlantic speculation, will find much of novel and ingenious, albeit crude and fanciful, thought in the volume entitled *The Church and Science*. It embodies the critical views of Professor Taylor Lewis of New York, as put forth with more prolixity than clearness by an anonymous disciple and admirer. The professor's leading design, conceived in somewhat of the spirit of Whiston, is to reconcile the results of scientific research with the Mosaic record, by means of a special analysis and reconstruction of the Hebraic idea of time and its subordinate cycles. "Lewis has re-discovered the Time-thought of the primeval ages. He has shown that the idea of worlds on worlds of time was as familiar to them, as the idea of worlds on worlds of space is to us." To expound his doctrines upon this large and sounding thesis with adequate length and clearness, would transcend our present limits.

We prefer to call attention to-day to the able and thoughtful, but, we regret to add, negative and unsettling, essay of the Rev. B. Jowett. This is, to our apprehension, by far the most important of the series not only because it proceeds to touch more directly the more vital doctrines of the Gospel, but because the difficulties adduced by the preceding writers run up at length into, and culminate in this last, on the Interpretation of Holy Scripture: (a point which we note by the way, as tending to negative the plea, somewhat plausibly put forth, of the absence of all concerted plan or community of sentiment among these several authors.) The interpretation, involving of course the inspiration of Holy Scripture, is beyond doubt the question to which all the preliminary objections revert for their force and meaning. This is the cardinal point on which the whole future of theology must turn; and on the settlement of it hang the entire religious interests, whether of individual faith or of collective Christianity. We shall scarcely feel cause to deplore the evils which now threaten the Church, if they result in impressing her consciousness with this supreme and pervading idea, and bringing every energy of hers to bear upon the single problem of its solution. "What is the nature, what the source, what the value, what the authority of Revelation? In what sense is it inspired? Is it divine in a sense wholly peculiar, and removed out of the entire category of human compositions?"

Perhaps some attempt to sketch, however briefly, the history of opinion with reference to this doctrine, may not be without interest for our readers.

There are few indications in the early history of the Church of an explicit or authoritative doctrine as to the nature or limits of Biblical Inspiration. Resting in the simple and general acceptance of the sacred books as a revelation from the Most High, the Christian mind acquiesced, without critical inquiry or scientific analysis, in whatever voices the oracles of God gave forth. A single reference to the sacred text sufficed, in almost every instance, to resolve all doubt and silence every gainsayer. In the expressive simile of Justin, the most explicit of the Christian fathers upon this point, the mind of the writer was as a lyre on which the Spirit of God played, and elicited by mechanical action the tones of the passive in-

strument. Scarcely less full and deep was the homage paid to the letter by Clement and Chrysostom in the Eastern, as by Augustine and Jerome in the Latin Church. The schoolmen and the mystics added frauce and system to the first vague notion of a verbal infallibility, in which the sacerdotal power found a welcome support to its own growing ascendancy throughout the period of the Middle Ages. Gradually gathering into her hands the guidance and control of each individual conscience, the Church constituted herself the authoritative keeper and interpreter of Holy Writ, and jealously grasping the inspired volume, compelled it to speak as her living voice, and was careful to interpret it in sanction of her dogmatic formulas. The birth of the inductive spirit had not yet brought the belief in natural law to bear upon the traditional faith in the supernatural and the divine; nor had the right of private conscience been systematically vindicated against the supreme authority of the Church. The Reformation, almost for the first time, broke the spell of implicit, unquestioning contentment with the letter of the Bible's teaching. The voice of Scripture being then found no longer at unison with that of the Church, it became of no less importance to scrutinize and determine the claims of the former than of the latter to plenary and final authority over men's faith. On the reconstruction of theology, after the disorganization of that great schism, two great schools rapidly pushed out their respective theories of inspiration to their extreme conclusions.

The lowering or humanizing temper of inquiry was not long in eliminating altogether the belief in a divinely-infused and truth-securing element, and, under the guidance first of Socinus, and subsequently of Spinoza and the whole materialist school, reduced the Bible to the level of merely human compositions, no otherwise distinguishable than for the beauty and occasional truth of its conceptions or narratives, qualities which it shared in common with the human genius of every age. On the other hand, a school arose amidst orthodox Protestantism, which carried its veneration for the Word to the extent of an idolatrous worship of the veriest letter of the text. Not only had the sacred penmen acted as passive, unconscious agents of the inspiring Deity, but his hand was to be revered, so taught the younger Buxtorf, even in the Hebrew accents and diacritical vowel-points. To this unreasonable hypothesis has been attached, by the historians of dogma, the name of the Mechanical Theory of inspiration. It cannot be said to lay claim to many representatives in the present day, in the ultra form of its bibliolatry at least; though, in the rhetorical mode of speaking and preaching popularly cherished, there is a tendency to indulge in scarcely less unqualified and exaggerated phraseology exacting a blind deference to the letter.

Of wider extent, and embracing in one or other shape almost every degree of moderate theological opinion in later times, are the views which have been analogously classified as those of the Dynamical Theory. Here the power imparted is that of the Holy Ghost; the human agent is inspired and overruled, but his individual action not entirely suppressed or set aside. There is a divine and controlling element; but not less a human, which blends with and modifies it according to its natural laws. The one originates the message, the other embodies and imparts it, giving to it detail and expression. The first is to the second what the soul is to the body, or, in scholastic language, constitutes the matter,

as the latter the form, of revealed truth. In the more precise definition laid down by the technical divines of the Lutheran body, Episcopius, Limborch, and Calixtus, whose writings had so much influence in this country during the Carolinian and latitudinarian eras, the Spirit of God dictated the *ideas*, the human agent clothed them in *words*. To the great heads of Protestant opinion, Luther and Calvin, we shall look in vain for any loftiness or spirituality of view. The former, laying claim to an inward theological sense superior to the letter, and constitutive of the true or unwritten word of God, could tamper with the received canon, and condemn the teaching of St. James as that of an "epistle of straw." Calvin agreed with Luther in rejecting the second epistle of Peter; as did Erasmus, whose easy half-tempered belief led him to speak triflingly of minute accuracy, contented with a general truthfulness in the inspired text. During the last and present centuries, while little precise theology has prevailed in our land upon the subject, the current of German opinion has set strongly between the rationalists who wholly denied, and the orthodox who struggled for a diviner element. Of the latter, there have been innumerable subdivisions and degrees. At the present day, in the reaction against the heresies of Strauss, who would resolve the Bible into myths, and those of the rationalists, who spare it scarcely the scant respect due to a monument of man's spiritual genius, opinion may be said to oscillate between the *subjective* view of Schleiermacher and the *objective* one maintained in one direction by the learning and earnest orthodoxy of Olshausen, Hengstenberg, and Stier, and in the others by the more mystic pietism of Tholuck and his school.

No categorical or authoritative statement has been laid down by the Church of England, defining the exact sense in which she limits her members in their construction of this doctrine; beyond the fact that she has chosen throughout to base her whole teaching upon Scripture as the sole and final word of God. It is more against the false additions of Rome than as exhausting her own convictions upon the subject, that she speaks, in her Sixth Article, of Holy Scripture as "containing all things requisite or necessary to salvation, so that what is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith." But by implication even here, as well as more explicitly in her other formularies, she is clear in referring to the holy volume as the sole and ultimate appeal in matters of faith; and that in an *objective* sense, as a power that can mould and regulate the belief, not as a vaguely subjective idea, to which the mind of the student has to lend form and meaning. To candidates for her orders she puts the searching question, "Do you unfeignedly believe *all* the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament?" excluding the pretence of different degrees of inspiration between this portion and that, or of a rivalry of authority between the earlier and later books. Into minute questions of verbal criticism, speculations of physical science, or positivism in secular history, as affecting the literal force of Scripture statement, it would have been impossible to enter by anticipation. We can consequently but draw upon the general spirit of her teaching, as animating her formularies and disciplinary system, where no strict precedent has been laid down for our guidance. Although minute points of error may not be so explicitly condemned as to ensure expulsion by legal means from her communion, we think that to every candid

mind there is ample ground for resolving doubt in the Church's faithful, catholic, scriptural sense.

How, then, are we asked, is the position of the Church affected by the new discussion to which her rule of faith, the Holy Bible, is subjected? Let us see what relation the theory of inspiration put forth as that of the future is to bear to her primitive and traditional theology.

The positive views of Mr. Jowett upon the question of inspiration, so far as they can be deduced from the generally negative remarks and objections which make up his essay, interpreted more fully by the light of his other writings, may be described as nearly identical with those of Schleiermacher. But the German attains the same grade in this scale of absolute belief, by a constantly rising process. He has ascended from doubt to certainty. He reaches at the last a higher than his first standing-point by persistent efforts of positive and expansive genius and faith. The English teacher is seen consciously to seek a lower than his original level—to reduce and contract the standard of his own and others' acceptance of revelation to the barest, narrowest minimum that a cold, hard, scientific measurement can be prevailed upon to admit. We will attempt, in few words, the general definition of this German theologian, as given by his disciple and interpreter, Mr. Morell.

The shibboleth of his school, like that of the Essayist's, is in brief this:—"The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." The idea of revelation is confined to the Person of Christ. To create this image in the soul, is its sole and ultimate design. The mechanism whereby it effects this end, the details of the picture, the various lights in which it is set, are not of its essence, must not be criticized too closely, vary in fact to the eye of different individuals, and may be wholly dissociated from it in idea. And just as it is a known truth in optics, that no two eyes can behold the same image in a speculum, so to each several beholder the inspired volume gives back a distinct and individual impression. Hence inspiration ceases to possess an objective existence or efficacy. It admits of no definition, and is after all a matter of completely subordinate importance in Christianity. "The sole power which the Bible possesses of conveying a revelation to us lies," according to this theory, "in its aiding in the awakening and elevation of our religious consciousness; in its presenting to us a mirror of the history of Christ; in its depicting the intense religious life of his first followers, and in giving us the letter through which the spirit of truth may be brought home in vital experience to the human heart." See Morell, *Philosophy of Religion*, pp. 143-4.

Identical with this is the definition of Mr. Jowett, though less explicit in its form, and in its obscurity of expression reminding us of some ambiguous oracle of Mr. Maurice. Inspiration is with him no more than "that idea of Scripture which we gather from the knowledge of it" (p. 347). It is, then, something purely subjective,—an idea elicited from the letter of the written document by the agency of the soul itself, as sensations flash into consciousness through the nervous centres, when excited by the external combination of metals and acids in a galvanic circuit. The meaning, the sense, dwells not primarily in the writing, still less in the mind of the writer, but in the apprehension of him who reads it. What standard of interpretation is to be set up, or what hope remains of uniting the mass of

religious readers in one and the same body of belief, it were indeed difficult under this visionary hypothesis to conceive!

"Nor for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration," he proceeds to say, "is there any foundation in the Gospels or Epistles" (p. 345). All that is truly inspired or inspiring is the free constructive human consciousness! It is melancholy, just as Germany is coming round from her Lethæan draught of infidel reason to a right mind, to find the dregs of the same poison handed about in our own universities, the antidote which they have long ago received at the hand of a living, healthful criticism being here totally ignored.

On the one hand, then, God has granted a revelation; on the other, human language has been made the channel for conveying it, and human minds have been chosen as the agents for expressing and recording it. The true theory of inspiration is to be found by assigning to each of these two elements its proper limits, or in fixing the point at which they respectively meet and harmonize. One extreme view has ended in practically ignoring the human element altogether. The other, of which there is confessedly the greater danger in our day, would so extend it as virtually to absorb and annihilate the divine. And that such is the tendency of the "free" and audacious anatomizing to which the inspired text has been exposed by the Essayists, even by Mr. Jowett himself, is not, we fear, to be gainsaid. We have not space to pursue these proofs in detail, but we would put it to any mind that is not puffed up with fancied mental superiority, or perverted by the license of a rationalistic freedom, whether the sentiment of religion, especially in the young, can long co-exist with a habit of cold, hard, undevout handling of things divine; an unfilial, indocile questioning of the Word of life, and of the power, love, and wisdom of Him whose Word it is. "Interpret the Scripture like any other book" (p. 377) is a perilous maxim for a teacher of the young to emphasize as the basis of his instructions. We trust it may not prove the death-knell of faith to many a youthful and confiding heart.

There is, as Mr. Cazenove has well expressed the devout feeling of the early church, "a deep analogy, a subtle connection between the Word incarnate, and the Word inspired;" an illustration not new, but dating back at least as far as the works of St. Cyril of Alexandria. "Is there not," he asks, "almost invariably found, on the part of those who would lower our views of the written word, a more or less unsatisfactory enunciation of the doctrine concerning the Incarnate Word?"

In this we fully agree, and are convinced that fearfully degrading and humanitarian views of the Person and office of the Redeemer must be the unavoidable result of handling the revealed records of his life and words in this "free," familiar, and irreverent spirit. Why was it that to the Jews of his own day the Divinity that dwelt in Him was wholly imperceptible? Why, but because they regarded Him from a point of view and in a temper of mind that rendered it impossible for them to perceive it, because, dwelling on the merely outward form, the commonplace aspect, the daily actions and external mien, they beheld in him no more than the carpenter's son? Why, but because there was lacking in them the living spirit of faith, that quickening of the natural sight by the grace of heaven, that "preparation of the heart in man," which is brought down, when sought for, "from the Lord"? The keenly critical, the coldly observant temper, is not that which catches glimpses of the divine presence immanent in

common forms, or incarnate in ordinary humanity. The things of the Spirit will ever remain foolishness to such, for they are *spiritually* discerned.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

THE looseness with which the words 'constitution' and 'constitutional' are generally used among us did not escape the attention of Mr. May's celebrated predecessor. A difficulty springing out of this laxity confronts us on the very threshold of Mr. May's work. If we understand constitutional history to be an account of the successive stages by which the English constitution arrived at maturity, then it is pretty evident that all which has occurred deserving of that title since 1688 might be summed up in a single chapter. From that period to the present day no organic changes have taken place in the English constitution; and whatever difference exists in practice is due, not to the enactments of the legislature, but to the irregular influence of opinion. If, however, we extend the meaning of the phrase 'constitutional history' to a history of the working of the constitution as now established, there is no doubt material for an interesting and useful book. We have Mr. Hallam's own authority for so extending it, as he did not think that his subject was by any means exhausted with the Act of Settlement, and refrained from continuing his labours through the reign of George III., not because he thought his task completed, but only from the fear of giving offence to living persons. Whether Mr. May would not have been wiser had he for similar reasons concluded his own work with the Reform Bill is perhaps a fair question. But we need have no scruple about recognizing the propriety of the title, or admitting that the present work is the legitimate successor to the great work of Mr. Hallam.

The only three points which have arisen since the accession of George III. affecting the theory of the English constitution relate to the Privilege of Parliament, the settlement of the Regency, and the connection between Church and State; all most important questions, though not sufficient by themselves to yield materials for a work of this magnitude. The other topics which Mr. May either discusses in the present volume or promises to discuss in the next, are such as the Influence of the Crown, the Revenues of the Crown, the Reform of the House of Commons, the History of Party, and the Growth of the Public Press. These are very interesting subjects, and if they point to no actual legislative changes in the constitution, do but illustrate all the more its elastic and expansive character, and show how tradition and progress have been made to march side by side, without violence to either.

Under the head of Privilege of Parliament (a title not prefixed by Mr. May himself to the chapter in which he treats the subject, but adopted by ourselves as more convenient and generally understood) we have of course the whole of the episode of Wilkes, in connection both with the Middlesex election and with the London printers; and we have the subsequent cases of Sir Francis Burdett, and of Stockdale v. Hansard, in the reign of her present Majesty. We desire to express our sense of the great merit possessed by this portion of Mr. May's volume. It is clear, simple, and complete, giving all the requisite details with-

* *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III., 1760-1830.* By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. (London: Longman.)

out overloading us with trifles. The two points established by the proceedings of John Wilkes are, first, that the House of Commons has no power by its own *ipse dixit* to declare any person disqualified for a seat in that assembly, who is duly qualified according to the law of the land; and secondly, that the publication of the debates is a practice not to be interrupted. Theoretically, however, we suppose it is as much a breach of privilege now as it ever was; the House merely conniving at it, and nothing more. In the case of Sir Francis Burdett, the House of Commons came off victorious. He had disputed the right of committal for contempt. The Speaker issued his warrant for the committal of Sir Francis to the Tower. He barricaded his house, and defied the Commons to do their worst. After three days' deliberation, the Serjeant at Arms was ordered to break open his house, and take him into custody. Sir Francis brought an action against the Speaker in the Court of King's Bench, and carried it afterwards to the Exchequer Chamber and the House of Lords; but he was beaten in all three, and the authority of the House confirmed. In the last case of all, the House was ultimately driven to vindicate its rights by statute. In some papers printed by the command of the House of Commons, Hansard had printed some remarks which reflected on Stockdale, a publisher. He brought one action against Hansard, which he lost. He then brought another; the case being tried simply on this issue, "whether the printers were justified by the privilege and order of the House of Commons," and here he was entirely successful. The Queen's Bench decided in the negative; and then Stockdale at once proceeded with another action for damages against Hansard. He got £600. The Sheriffs levied it. The House of Commons commanded them to give it back. They pleaded their duty to the Queen's Bench, and were at once handed over to the Serjeant-at-arms. But the Court compelled them to pay over the money to Stockdale; and the House of Commons found itself in a most embarrassing, and, in fact, insoluble difficulty. They cut the knot which they could not succeed in untying, and in 1841 passed an Act "providing that all such actions should be stayed on the production of a certificate or affidavit that any paper, the subject of an action, was printed by order of either House of Parliament."

The resolution of the House of Lords against the admission of Peers for life into the hereditary branch of the legislature also comes within this department of the subject, and is ably and temperately discussed by Mr. May, who, in all substantial points, approves of their Lordships' decision.

The appointment of a Regent is not made in conformity with any regular law, but is arranged by special enactment as each emergency arises. Since the accession of George III. several interesting points have arisen in connection with this subject. In 1765 George III. contrived that Parliament should recognize the right of the reigning sovereign to nominate, under his sign manual, whomsoever he pleased, to discharge the functions of Regent in the event of his own incapacity. No other opportunity occurred of mooted this question during the reign of George III., as in 1788 and in 1810 the King was incapable of exercising any choice upon the subject. But the precedent created ninety-four years ago has been three times violated within the memory of the present generation, that is, at the accession of William IV., and at the accession and the marriage of her present Majesty, Parliament having on

each of these occasions undertaken to nominate a Regent. Another question that arose in 1788 was, whether the Prince of Wales had an incontestable claim to the regency in right of his birth, of which the affirmative was maintained by the Whigs and the negative by the Tories. It is remarkable, however, and is probably known to very few persons at the present day, that Mr. Fox differed from all his political friends on this question. He adopted for parliamentary purposes the view taken by the majority of his own party; but persons yet live who are aware that when he returned from abroad, upon the first intelligence of the King's illness, he argued long and resolutely against the alleged hereditary right of the Prince of Wales.

The third of those questions we have mentioned which affect the theory of the constitution, namely, that of Church and State, is reserved for Mr. May's second volume; and we revert accordingly to such subjects as rather illustrate the working of the constitution, than involve the changes which have brought it to its present state. The first of these, is the question of the influence of the Crown.

From the great space—nearly a third of the entire volume—which Mr. May has devoted to this subject, we should divine that he attaches more importance to it than we do. But we do not feel at all inclined to quarrel with him on that score, for the bird's-eye view which he has given us of the relative positions of the Crown and the House of Commons down to the present reign, is a most interesting historical chapter, and forms indeed a perfect little handbook of the subject. But in awarding this praise to the succinctness and good proportions of Mr. May's narrative, we do not mean to commit ourselves to all the conclusions thence drawn. One of those conclusions is, that the Reform Bill was the event which for ever stripped the Crown of those powers which it enjoyed under the two last Georges. The Duke of Wellington seems to have been of this opinion also, when he asked his celebrated question about the king's government. Yet in spite of this great authority, we must take the liberty of doubting if such really is the case. Mr. May dwells very strongly on the position of parties in 1812. "Here," he says, "were the two great parties looking to royal favour alone, as the source of their power. It was never doubted by the ministers that if they retained the confidence of the Prince Regent, they would be able to command the support of Parliament," etc., etc. Mr. May's explanation of this seems to lie in the influence naturally exercised by a Court over the great nobles, who in turn exercised so great an influence over the House of Commons by means of nomination boroughs. There is no doubt an element of truth in this position. Yet without great modification it is irreconcilable with many of the facts of the period, as well as with the general character of a powerful aristocracy. It was the great nobles who forced the Duke of Portland on the king in 1783. The great nobles could not save their sovereign from Roman Catholic emancipation in 1829, or themselves from Parliamentary reform in 1832. On the other hand, we must remember that the prerogatives of the Crown are theoretically exactly the same as when her Majesty's grandfather took the seals from Lord North and Mr. Fox at midnight, because their very presence was hateful to him. There is no reason, as far as the constitution is concerned, why her Majesty should not have kept Lord Derby in office two years ago, just as George III. kept Mr. Pitt. Parliamentary

majorities and rotten-borough members were all against the king then; and they could be no more than that now. Why, then, was George III. able to face this tremendous opposition, while her Majesty Queen Victoria is not? It is no change in the constitution which has effected this, but in the public opinion of the country. The Reform Bill has introduced a new class of men into Parliament; but, by Mr. May's own showing, the means of influencing this class now at the disposal of the Crown are greater even than the means which it formerly possessed of influencing the aristocracy. Our own impression is, that in the days of George III. the House of Commons as at present constituted would have been a far more manageable body than the old House of Commons, instead of being less so. We repeat, then, that it is public opinion, and public opinion only, which has regulated the influence of the Crown during the last thirty years; nor do we consider it impossible that a crisis may yet arise when the revival of prerogative would be as acceptable to the people of this country as it was a hundred years ago.

Mr. May writes in the spirit of an old-fashioned Constitutional Whig, and repeats all the stereotyped phrases of his party relating to the so-called unconstitutional conduct of George III. But to call George III.'s conduct unconstitutional, however excusable in politicians or statesmen engaged in the heat of parliamentary warfare, is unworthy of any writer who occupies the position of Mr. May. It is perfectly certain that the king did not violate the letter of the constitution. Whether we think he violated the spirit of the constitution or not, depends on our construction of the Revolution settlement. At best that is still a moot point. William III. was as much his own minister as George, and exercised substantially all the same prerogatives; nor does it seem likely to us that, if he had been succeeded by three Princes of equal force of character to himself, those prerogatives would ever have been called in question. How far George III.'s resumption of these powers was for the public good is, of course, another and quite a distinct point. Yet, if we impartially compare the general results of his administration with the periods immediately preceding and immediately following the system which he introduced, we shall not see much reason to condemn it. Sir Robert Walpole had only one thing to do, to keep the House of Hanover on the throne, and he did it. But nothing could be a worse job than the Austrian war of 1742, nor more discreditable than the subsequent combination of the great families to keep down the first Pitt. The misgovernment of America under George III. was certainly not worse than the misgovernment of India under a Reformed House of Commons. Taxation has been far heavier since 1832 than before it. Recent disclosures prove that jobbery is not less, while it is all the more dangerous for being perpetrated under the cloak of a more open and public system, which disarms suspicion and perplexes inquiry. If lawyers and philosophers would lay their fingers upon some one definite public evil which arose out of George III.'s use of power, and could arise under no other circumstances, they would have done something towards establishing the Whig theory. We want facts, not mere declamation; and till we get facts we can only regard the view of Mr. May and his fraternity as a political fiction, once useful perhaps for the purposes of party, but now as completely worn out as the counter-theory of "Divine Right."

Mr. May's chapter on the House of Com-

mons is executed with the same skill and completeness as the chapters we have already discussed. The whole question of bribery and corruption, including the direct bribery of members, is gone into from an early date; and the various measures which have been introduced from time to time, for the better representation of the people, are clearly and candidly explained.

Mr. May concludes the present volume with an interesting sketch of the great parliamentary orators of the last generation, whose peculiarities he sums up, in each case, in a few words, which are for the most part true, and well expressed. His explanation of the difference between the orators of the present day and those who fascinated our grandfathers, is perfectly true, and should never be forgotten when a comparison is instituted between them. The parliamentary speeches of to-day are spoken to be read; those of fifty years ago were spoken only to be heard. The immediate effect was then everything. The outside public judged wholly of a speaker's eloquence by what they heard of the effect which he produced upon the House. Now they judge for themselves; and they are too apt to forget the difference between reading an oration in an easy chair, and listening to the same in the midst of an excited throng swayed by the gestures and modulations of the orator, and heated by their own applause. Hence it often happens that the public are unable to comprehend why any particular statesman should always command a good place in the administration of his own party. They see nothing in his speeches. They forget that those who hear them are subjected to different influences, and may be greatly affected for the moment by words which fall dead upon themselves. Still, no doubt, the existence of this great outside tribunal, who will be satisfied with nothing but sound argument and sober sense, has a constantly-increasing tendency to prevent our Parliamentary orators from pursuing rhetoric as an art. The elegant metaphor, the fiery invective, the curt interrogatory, are fast disappearing with the appeals to Brutus and Cato, and quotations from Virgil and Horace. Quiet humour and grave sarcasm enlivening and relieving extensive knowledge and business-like talents, are now the chief virtues of an orator. An imitator of "classic Canning" is as rare as a bottle of the port-wine coeval with that statesman's death. Whether the former would be altogether as acceptable as the latter we cannot say. But perhaps the two things went together. Wine and wit is a very familiar collocation of ideas, and the discontinuance of the bottle by our modern representatives may possibly have had something to do with the decline of oratorical brilliancy.

MR. HELPER ON SLAVERY.*

THERE is a story told of an American slaveholder, who had recently seen the error of his ways, suggesting to a brother-proprietor who was yet in darkness, that if slaveholders in general did not meet with a very dreadful fate in the next world, he, for his part, did not see the particular use of the devil as an institution. Mr. Helper, while giving an equally emphatic opinion, prudently confines himself to their probable fortune in this life. He displays a dreary prospect before them, and asks them candidly if this is the sort of horoscope they can cheerfully contemplate. His

work was first published in 1857, and in 1859 was distributed gratis, by means of subscription, in all parts of the States, to the extent of one hundred thousand copies. To this issue some seventy senators gave their written approval, expressing their opinion that "were every citizen in possession of the facts embodied in this book, slavery would peacefully pass away, while a Republican triumph in 1860 would be morally certain." We trust that Abraham Lincoln will show filial reverence to the author of his existence as President. But still more do we trust that the former portion of the prophecy may be fulfilled, as surely as the latter. But Greek is meeting Greek, and a tug of war appears a not unlikely event. If the North is "Yorkshire," the South is "Yorkshire" too. At any rate, hard words are not signs of peace, even though they be not a preface to hard blows. Mr. Helper is a Southerner himself, and knew the risk of the latter which he personally ran in putting forward his decided views. Indeed it is no joke to offend a thin-skinned planter who happens to possess a heavy whip. Certain sins of commission are visited, in the States, after the same fashion and with more telling effect than that produced by the chastisement recently provoked at Cambridge, by a sin of omission. But Mr. Helper is armed against all consequences. "We may be subjected to insult and personal violence, but we know how to repel indignity; and, if assaulted, shall not fail to make the blow recoil upon the aggressor's head." We rejoice that Mr. Helper's panoply is so complete, and turn to consider his weapons of aggression.

His great gun is statistics. A perfect storm of tables, showing the comparative wealth and prosperity of the North, is poured into the slavery citadel. These all tend to prove that slavery does not pay, and unprofitableness is "a monstrous evil, when considered in all its bearings; it makes us poor, poverty makes us ignorant, ignorance makes us wretched, wretchedness makes us wicked, and wickedness leads to—the devil." This table of consequences is charming; it reminds one of De Quincey's advice: "Never commit a murder! Murder often leads to theft, theft to drunkenness, and drunkenness to sabbath-breaking. Many a man dates his final ruin from his first little murder." But this is not a fair specimen of the author's deductive powers. If his facts are true (and there appears to be no reason for questioning them), he has made out a good case against the South both as regards its ability to raise products and its means of turning them to the best account when raised. We have not had time to spend the hour which, he intimates, may be profitably spent in reflection upon each of the thirty-six tables with which he furnishes us; but we can gather from our cursory perusal of them, that, in respect of agriculture, cattle-breeding, the question of export and import, and the quantity and quality of their respective literatures, the North has a very decided advantage. The facts regarding the last-mentioned test of national prosperity are both curious and interesting, particularly as coming from a native of one of the States which has lately seceded from the Union. We might almost reverse the old Hebrew proverb, and think that a country is not without honour save in the mouth of its own prophet, so ruthlessly does he set forth its weak points. But from a country where the non-slaveholding whites have lost all "ambition, pride, self-respect, and hope," and where "their slaveholding

fellows are helpless, nerveless, ignorant, selfish, yet vain-glorious, self-sufficient, and brutal," what aid can the literature of the world expect? Having but few readers there are consequently but few writers, and the majority even of these write for Northern publishers. Out of five hundred and sixty-nine American authors of recognized reputation, only eighty-seven are natives of the South. It is a remarkable fact that whenever great pace is required the State papers of some of the Southern States are sent to Boston to be printed. And certainly the pace of the Northern press is very creditable. "A complete copy of one Bulwer's novels was swept through the press in New York in fifty hours, and offered for sale smoking hot in the streets." An English public prefers not having its works of fiction served up like roasted chestnuts, and would rather wait till the volumes were cool and dry. But, no doubt, it was a clever stroke of business, and suited the American fancy.

We own to being entirely ignorant of any Southern writings. Even the name of the great Simms, poet and novelist, the pride and glory of the Southrons, has never reached our ears. We cannot, therefore, follow Mr. Helper in his measurement of the Northern superiority. It is perhaps a negative proof that it is correct, that we have heard of Cooper and Hawthorne, of Bryant and Longfellow. Of necessity Dr. Channing must be immeasurably superior to any slave-owning divine, if such a being could, properly speaking, be found in the States; while any restraint in freedom of expression would, in the nature of things, debar such historians as Prescott, Washington Irving, or Motley, from the full exercise of their genius. By the way, everybody has heard of one Slave-State author, the Maelström rhapsodist, Edgar Poe, in regard to whose very morbid and eccentric works we would pray, as his Raven cursed, "Never more!" It strikes us, however, that in point of quantity the South may be most fairly set down as very far behind the Free States. At any rate, eleven female poets appears to be a small lot for fifteen States to produce, if we may form a judgment from reference to our own press. In newspapers they are still more deficient: in 1850 the total yearly circulation of all such papers was 333,386,081 in the North, and only 92,167,129 in the South. But the great question which is mooted in the book, and which we expected to find answered therein, is—How can slavery be abolished? Having shown that the boasted fertility of the South is of no account when measured with the superior energy of Northern farming, that the slave-owners are unable to make a profitable use of their own produce, that their cotton arrives on their backs in the shape of clothing, *via* New York and Liverpool, that the non-slaveholding whites of the South are crushed in mind, body, and estate by the oligarchy, whose interest it is that they should be so; our author concludes that all this certainly pays none of the three portions of the community; it must therefore be abolished. But how? The answer is eminently impractical. One feature of the plan is, however, of a most sweeping character, and necessitates the concealment of all the others:—

"In the Southern States there are three odious classes of mankind: the slaves themselves, who are cowards; the slave-holders, who are tyrants; and the non-slaveholding slave-hirers, who are lickspittles. To a right-thinking public we submit the question, whether with one grand concerted kick from all the decent peoples of Christendom, every member of these three odious classes of mankind should not, as the just penalty of their demerits, be

* *The Impending Crisis of the South.* By H. R. Helper. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co., Ludgate Hill.)

at once hurled headlong from the fair face of the earth into an abyss of oblivion!"

We have heard of a similar way of settling the wrongs of Ireland, by sinking her wholesale under the sea, and then letting the "ould" island pop up again, fresh, glorious, and contented. In neither case do we perceive exactly how it is to be done, and we imagine that in both a certain amount of injustice would be inflicted on many excellent individuals. The ejecting land-agent would probably prefer to take his chance of the ejected riband-man hitting him the next time he crossed some rough country, to being drowned in his company for the benefit of England; and possibly Sambo would rather toil on and be walloped by Legree, than be kicked with him by the majestic toe of Freedom. But this is only one of Mr. Helper's wild ideas, written probably on a very hot day after a glass of rum-cockle. In his more sober moments he propounds another scheme in less fervid language: it is, that the non-slaveholding whites of the South should act together, and enter into covenant to have no dealings whatever, either in religious, social, or domestic matters, with slave-owners. But lest these wretched sinners, thus cut off from all that is enjoyable in this life, should still continue obstinate in their wickedness, a select committee should be appointed to consider the very problem: which the author is trying to solve. How can slavery be abolished? and when they have arrived at a conclusion, "let them put forth an equitable and comprehensive platform." This appears rather like shifting his burden upon other men's shoulders; and as to the practical result likely to follow from the first part of the plan being put into execution, we have no notion what is the proportion which the non-slaveholding whites bear to the slave-owners and their employés (Mr. Helper having forgotten to include this most necessary table amongst his thirty-six), and we can therefore form no idea whether it would occasion a serious inconvenience to either party, and, if so, which would suffer most. As to the select committee, we suspect its deliberations would no more lead to action than those of a British parliamentary committee on agricultural statistics. One of Mr. Helper's resolutions would, if adopted, considerably puzzle their united wits, when they were called upon to find a feasible plan for carrying it into effect. For, reversing the conduct of Great Britain, who spent some twenty millions in indemnification to slave-owners, Mr. Helper proposes that compensation should be demanded from the slaveholders for all the hypothetical losses which the non-slaveholders have sustained from living in the midst of such a blighting system. Mr. Helper's demand is indeed very moderate. We are afraid he is cheating himself. It only amounts to seven billion five hundred and forty-four million dollars, part of which he kindly expresses his willingness to take out in niggers, "for whom, however, except for the purpose of liberating them, he would not give a toothpick."

We suppose this is the sort of book which is likely to further the good cause in America; for sixty-eight experienced senators, with Christian names ranging from Isaiah to Galusha, say so. But we must give it as our opinion, that if this had been all Wilberforce and Buxton had to say for themselves, Great Britain would have delayed many years longer before wiping away her disgrace.

Not the least interesting, and certainly the most sensible half of the book is devoted to extracts from the testimony of others as to the evils and injustice of slavery. The opinion of

Victoria, the voice of Snodgrass, the apothegms of Montesquieu and the poetic bursts of Shakspeare, all testify that it is an iniquity and a curse. The testimony of Abraham Lincoln is perhaps more valuable than any other at this present moment:—

"Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill-temper. I have always hated slavery, and I always believed it in the course of ultimate extinction. I believe this government cannot endure, permanently, half slave and half free. It is in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degrees as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their places be, *pari passu*, filled up by free white labourers."

The sense is considerably better than the English; and we trust that with such wise, temperate assistance from the North as the new President seems likely to afford, the blight may be removed from the neighbourhood of Mr. Helper, though his chances of reimbursement are infinitesimally small.

OUR NEW RECTOR.*

WE take this opportunity of notifying to all our readers whom it may concern, that Mr. Cuthbert Bede is again before the public. True, he re-appears from his silence, like Alcestis from her tomb, with a veil upon his face; but we think we recognize the mien and the tone which we knew of old. We are inclined, in fact, to consider that the connection between Mr. Cuthbert Bede and the volume before us is, as he would say, "nearer and dearer" than that of editorship. Why, by the way, has he dropped the B.A.? is it in dread of the quotation—*Baccalaurei, baculo magis quam lauro dignissimi*? We trust that we are not casting an unmerited imputation on him, but our opinion is based, not only on numerous pieces of internal evidence, but also on the fact that we cannot suppose that any man, woman, or child can think the name of Cuthbert Bede on the title-page of a book a greater recommendation than no name at all. Moreover, could any one but Cuthbert Bede consider the authorship of *Verdant Green* a recommendation to himself? We wonder whether our author imagines that people have forgotten or forgiven that production. More men have failed, perhaps, in trying to sketch university life than in any other available subject, but of all failures *Verdant Green* was the most egregious. What a thoroughly blackguard picture it drew of Oxford society! Some simple-minded people were, for the moment, taken in by it, and argued, not wholly without reason, that the university which produced its author might also have produced its heroes. But a very little examination showed that both the bad taste and the inaccuracy were such as no one connected with Oxford, whether in the capacity of graduate, undergraduate, or scout, could possibly have committed. The old eagle Alma Mater had not been struck by a shaft feathered from her own wing; that bluntest of arrows derived its feather from the pinion of the anser *Dunelmensis*. But after *Peter Priggins* with its genial fun—after the unfinished *Vincent Eden*, the torso of a capital novel, for the sparkle of whose wit it is worth any man's while to ransack back volumes of *Bentley*—

was this what the Oxford novel was come down to?

We are, however, in a position to state that *Verdant Green* is neither the silliest nor the stupidest book in the world. There are two little volumes by the same hand denominated respectively *Medley* and *Motley*, which are the best specimens of "very tragical mirth" that we ever came across. Need we harrow the memories of our readers by recalling that account of how a young gentleman kissed a young lady at school under false pretences—that epic of bread-and-buttery osculation, *Nearer and Dearer*?

But "we will not ransack up the quiet grave;" let us rather turn to the consideration of *Our New Rector*. There is a perceptible difference between it and the earlier productions of the author. There is something of mellowness and calm—something of the cautious propriety which comes on the ecclesiastic with the approach of middle age. We have the regulation protest against extreme views. We have little repudiations of the *Record* and the *Union*. We have warnings against Popery, and we have philippics against liturgical revision. We have, finally, the following little scheme of ecclesiastical reform, which we think our author must have picked up while recently revisiting Durham:—

"May the day not be far distant when all Church preferment shall be put into the proper hands, viz. those of the bishops of our Church; then we may hope that many a 'good living' will fall to the lot of hard-working and struggling curates, instead of to unworthy branches of worldly families."

There is no surer index of the weakness of a novelist than his adopting what we must call the Pilgrim's Progress style of nomenclature. We do not mind reading in an allegory about Mr. Greatheart or Madam Diffidence, for the allegory professes only to make each character an incarnation of some abstract quality. We do not object to meeting in a comedy with *Simon Pure* or *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, because the comedy has only a brief space to sketch its story in, and may fairly label each personage with a name which shall describe his antecedents. But a novelist, whose business it is to describe, at what length he likes, the various points of complex characters, to make them tell their own story and develop their own natures, shows a want of art when he tickets them *Mr. Good* and *Mr. Bad*. Cuthbert Bede cannot bring on the stage a fast parson and a model one without writing under them respectively, "This is Mr. Wildman," "This is Mr. Hope," on whose name, by the way, the other characters make the mildest jokes we ever read, except in *Motley*. A cheerful old maid is *Miss Chirp*, an ill-natured one is *Miss Pry*; a tutor—as in *Verdant Green*—bears the name of *Cram*, etc. etc. The very silliest writer in this respect we take to be Mr. Samuel Warren, who somewhere calls a schoolmaster *Mr. Hic Hec Hoc*; but we are happy to award a *proximè accessit* to the author of *Our New Rector*.

One salient feature in this work is the number of fatal or nearly fatal casualties which befall the characters. As far as we have been able to secure an accurate return, it contains in the space of two hundred and ninety-seven pages, four deaths from natural causes, one ditto accidental, two cases of severe gun-shot wounds, one of brain fever, one dislocated wrist, and one burnt hand. Of the plot we need say but a few words; observing, by the way, that the canvass is a great deal too crowded. A Mr. Wildman takes possession of the family living of Norton, and is accepted as a suitor by the *belle* of the place, Helen Jackson, who is still sorrowing

* *Our New Rector*; or, the Village of Norton. Edited by Cuthbert Bede, Author of *Mr. Verdant Green*. (London: Saunders, Otley and Co. 1861.)

for a lover who died in India. But Mr. Wildman is a sporting parson, and the day before his intended wedding he breaks his neck. Moral, *ad clerum*: Don't follow the hounds, especially on the eve of matrimony. Then a Mr. Hope gets the living, and woos and wins a Miss Alice Moore, governess to the daughter of a Lady Egerton, at the Abbey. The daughter dies. Alice, by the death-bed confession of the inevitable nurse, substantiated by the necessary mark on one arm from a burn in childhood, is shown to be Lady Egerton's niece, and a great heiress. The following may convey a notion of the manner of this discovery:—

"While the wretched woman was going on in this strain, Miss Chirp and Mr. Hope had taken the parcel from the box under the bed, which, they noticed, had once had very strong fastenings, but was now broken open. Following her directions, the rector took the miniature from its hiding-place, and presented it to Lady Egerton.

"My own and only sister!" she exclaimed, pressing it to her lips.

"My sweet dead mother!" said the bewildered Alice, at the same moment. "The very picture I missed from my dressing-case!"

"Come to me, Alice!" said Lady Egerton, faintly—"My sister's child! my adopted daughter! it is as I dreamed, yet scarcely dared to hope! I cannot tell how; it is all dim to me yet, but I felt long ago that you belonged to me."

We had thought this style of thing was thrown over even by *Reynolds's Miscellany*. However, Alice marries the clergyman) who, of course, disinterestedly wants to give her up) and rejects an officer, a newly-discovered cousin, who had previously snubbed her. Moral, to captains of dragons: Do not be rude to governesses, who may be heiresses in disguise. No more convincing proof of Mr. Cuthbert Bede's intimacy with the aristocracy whom he delineates can be afforded than by his calling this peccant dragoon, who is represented as the eldest son of an *earl*, Lord Percy Fitz-Loftus, and speaking of his sisters as Lady Blanche and Lady Constance. All, of course, ends happily, Helen Jackson's lover, who was not dead, returning as a chaplain from the Crimea to claim her hand.

The book is, however, a very harmless one. Perhaps more than one anile tea-table may pronounce it "very humorous." Perhaps more than one nursery reader, already lisping slang, may think its jokes are "stunning." After all, what business have we to criticize? We are not of those by whom Mr. Cuthbert Bede is most appreciated. *Virginibus puerisque cantat*—he is the pet novelist of old maidens of sixty and boys of sixteen.

TRANSLATIONS BY LORD LYTTLTON AND MR. GLADSTONE.*

It is somewhat singular that this book should appear just when *Paterfamilias* is storming the last stronghold of the Muse who presides over "longs and shorts." The great argument against the preponderance of Latin verse composition in the Etonian system of education is still much the same as it was when, half a century ago, Sydney Smith said, that "after writing 10,000 verses in dead languages, the poet, unless he should happen to be a very weak man indeed, never writes another as long as he lives." The objection, however, based as it is on the very obvious fallacy that education is intended to fill rather than to train the

mind, has been steadily gaining ground since his day, and it is now not uncommon to find even good scholars ridiculing the mechanical "knack" by which Latin lines are turned off, and regretting the amount of time they have themselves spent in acquiring so useless an art. The complaint will meet with but little sympathy from those who justly estimate the value of a classical education, but still its existence is scarcely to be wondered at. The superstitious veneration with which the fathers regarded classical lore is bearing fruit in its undue depreciation by the children. When Pitt quoted Horace, and even when Canning apostrophized the knife-grinder in English sapphics, there was a quaint association between statesmanship and scholarship—good government and good Greek—which vanished before the irruption of the pure Saxon element in 1830. The House of Commons represents the country in more senses than one. Scholarship was never in greater repute than when Horace reigned supreme within its walls; and now that he scarce dare haunt the scenes of his former glory, it is not surprising that many able men should have much the same opinion of Latin versification that Themistocles had of fiddling. It does not require much prophetic power to see that the time is approaching when Eton will have to fight a desperate battle for her long-cherished and dearly-prized prerogative. Hexameter and pentameter will doubtless die hard, and many champions will be found ready to hold the lists against all the *Patresfamiliares* of Great Britain. We fancy that they will be nothing loath to point a moral with Mr. Gladstone's name. The English character, with its cautious love of precedent and respectability, is peculiarly subject to the great law of association; and here is an association, captivating, if not exactly logical, between the most brilliant successes in Parliament and the nicest scholarship. We trust that grateful Eton will not fail to recognize the signal service that at this critical moment has been rendered by her illustrious sons. Both Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone attained the highest university distinctions, the one at Cambridge, the other at Oxford. In 1838 Lord Lyttelton and Dr. Vaughan, the late master of Harrow, were bracketed equal at the head of the classical tripos, and were also equal as Chancellor's Medallists. In 1831 Mr. Gladstone obtained the then rare Double First, having also been *proximè accessit* for the Ireland scholarship.

The book before us consists partly of translations from English into Greek and Latin, and partly of translations from English into Latin, Greek, Italian, and German. The former department is represented principally by Lord Lyttelton, the latter by Mr. Gladstone, who has, however, given us a few specimens of his powers in the other order. Lord Lyttelton's fame is already well known to the writers and readers of classic verse. Indeed a great part of his contributions to this volume already occupy a very high place in a collection familiar to all versifiers, the *Arundines Cami*. Their merits are so universally recognized that we shall waive their discussion, and be content to select for the edification of our readers a few specimens. The opening lines of the first translation (from *Comus*) will give them some notion of the marvellous union of fidelity and elegance which the translator has contrived to effect:—

"The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream," etc.

Ἀστήρ, ποιμένην καὶ ἰνάλους
κατέχου μέσσον φαεινὸς Ὀλύμπου
τίγγυ δ' ἔξω τὸν στυγαλῆα
φαιδρὸν σπένδον Ἀτλαντίους
διφρὸς ὁ τοῖβου χροσίουκυλός.

The concluding lines are still more ingenious:—

"Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round."

"Λγίτ' οὖν, φίλιος ἔσπιντε χεῖρας,
καὶ ποδὶ κοῦφῃ
πελοδαδάλα πλῆττειν γαῖαν.

Milton's style in his minor poems was so much formed on Greek models that his thoughts readily clothe themselves in the dialect of the Attic tragedians; and certainly greater advantage of this facility has rarely been taken than by Lord Lyttelton.

There follows an exquisite translation of his lines to "Echo," also in lyric metre; and then we have an iambic version of Dryden's "Sacrifice," parts of which might have been written by Sophocles:—

"Altars raised of turf or stone
Will the infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done."

Ὁδὲ γὰρ τι χλωρεῖς οὐδὲ λαίνοισι ποτὶ
χαίρουσι βωμοῖς οἳ γε νύκτερι θεοῖ.
λίγ' εἰ πάραται ταῦτα.
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔρχε'

And again:

"Draw the barren heifer back;

Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows;
And turn your faces from the sun."

Ἔκαστα πλινκτὸς δι' ὃ ἀποθνήσκει τρίχας
ἄσπερ κνέπον ἡμάτων ὀΐχυ μίσεας.
τρίπαιδι δ' ὄφιν σῶς ἀνὴρ ἄφ' ἡλίου.

The "Lotos-eaters" of Tennyson follows. It is turned partly into hexameters and partly into lyrics, and is altogether a more elaborate, though, we think, a less successful performance than the two already mentioned. Perhaps if we make allowance for the additional difficulty which Tennyson presents to a translator, we may place the lyrical portion on the same level as the versions of Milton; but Lord Lyttelton sinks very much below this level in the hexameters. They are not to be compared with some hexameters of Mr. Gladstone, though in his other translations from the English, Mr. Gladstone shows decidedly less of the old Etonian "knack" than does Lord Lyttelton. Any one may see this who compares his version of Bishop Heber's "Lines to his Wife" (p. 146) with Lord Lyttelton's version of Gray's "Ode to Adversity" (p. 32), or of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (p. 34).

Two more translations into Latin hexameters complete Lord Lyttelton's share of the task. They are the "Cenone" and "Godiva" of Tennyson. In the choice of those subjects Lord Lyttelton's usual skill appears to have deserted him. There are passages in the Greek tragedians as deep and thoughtful as any to be found in Tennyson; but Cicero himself, unfettered by metre, could scarcely make his own language do justice to such lines as these:—

"I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses like a god's,
To push thee forward through a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circl'd thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commensure perfect freedom."

"Me tibi polliceor. Vegetos tibi detur amores
Abdita per cordis rapere, interiusque medullis
Illapsam sentire Deam. Sic crescat agendo,
Quicquid eris, dura per spreta pericula vite,
Vis assueta pati, et tandem matura voluntas
Liberaque et sibi met lex impolluta vigeat."

* Translations. By Lord Lyttelton and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (London: Quaritch. 1861.)

This is an ingenious paraphrase rather than a translation. The failure is, however, more attributable to the stiffness of the material than to any want of skill.

Lord Lyttelton has thoroughly caught the spirit of classical composition, but he is occasionally somewhat lax in the observance of the letter. The schoolboy canon that no word should be used, the purity of which is not guaranteed by an accepted model, is a very good guide where a dead language is concerned. To adopt it in writing one's own language—as Fox did with Dryden, and Cowper in his Homeric translation with Milton—is to substitute a frigid and unnatural restriction for the spontaneous suggestions of an instinctive and cultivated taste. But to a writer employing a foreign tongue originality is almost as fatal as is imitation to one who is writing in his own. We suspect that Lord Lyttelton has not always observed this rule. In page 11, *ἰστέονος πειρώμενος* has a very Greek sound, but will not bear close inspection, and we have noticed several words which are either in themselves or in their application unauthorized by good models.

Mr. Gladstone's Greek translations are all from Homer. The metre he has chosen is a most startling violation of the ordinary rules laid down for Homeric translation. It may be that he has determined to strike out an entirely new path, or possibly his love of labour has induced him to increase the difficulty of his task. Certainly, to translate Homer into octosyllabic lines with double rhymes is to translate him under difficulties. The two most striking features of his style, its majesty and its simplicity, seem provided each with its peculiar enemy. The metre is not at all stately or majestic, and the despotism of rhyme occasionally necessitates superfluous epithets and even superfluous images. Mr. Gladstone has struggled manfully against this self-imposed difficulty, and has certainly achieved extraordinary success; but still, to minds less lavish of strength, it is unsatisfactory to see such a waste of power. Moreover, it occasionally leads to downright inaccuracies, as we may see by examining one of the pieces which Mr. Gladstone has imprisoned in octosyllabic rhymes. Homer is comparing the noiseless advance of the Grecian host to a wave which forms far out at sea, and gathering strength as it goes, dashes with loud violence against the shore:—

“Ὀὐδ' ἔτι ἐν αἰγυιάῳ πονηρχίῃ κύμα θαλάσσης
“Ὀρεν” ἰσασσέμενοι, Ζεφύρου ὑποκινήσαντες·
Πόντον μὲν τὰ πρῶτα καρύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Χίρσος ἰσχυρὸν μεγάλα βέριμι, ἀμφὶ δ' εὖ ἄκρου
Καρπὸν ἰὸν καρυφύεται, ἀποσπένδ' ἄλκις ἄχρη·

“As when the billow gathers fast
With slow and sullen roar
Beneath the keen north-western blast
Against the sounding shore:
First far at sea it rears its crest,
Then bursts upon the beach,
Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
Where headlands outward reach,
It smites their strength, and bellowing flings
Its silver foam afar.”

In the third line *πόντον μὲν τὰ πρῶτα καρύσσεται* is beautifully rendered by “first far at sea it rears its crest,” but it is a beauty for which Mr. Gladstone pays dear; “crest” must have a rhyme, and “breast” naturally distances all competition. Now, *καρπὸν ἰὸν καρυφύεται* is an exact description, in three words, of the “arched,” “curling” wave as it advances to the shore, whereas “swelling breast” and “proud arch” are incompatible, and make an impossible image. “It smites their strength” is merely superfluous; but in the first stanza the intro-

duction of “slow and sullen roar,” which apparently we owe to “shore,” is not only untrue to nature, but destroys the accuracy of the simile. Like the armed host, the wave at first advances in silence, and it is not till it breaks upon the shore that anything like a “roar” is heard. Homer exactly describes it in *χίρσος ἰσχυρὸν μεγάλα βέριμι*, for which there is no equivalent in the English version. This criticism may appear to some too minute and even captious, but Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a translator entitles a critic to be fastidious. Besides, it is almost impossible to be too careful where Homeric descriptions of scenery are concerned, for their marvellous fidelity to nature constitutes one of Homer's chief charms. In the last two lines:—

“Ἢ εὖ ἔλκην μὲν πρῶτα καρύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Ὀρέων ἰστέονος κύμα, καὶ ἰπὶ χθονὶ βάλλει.

“Strife that, a pigmy at her birth,
By gathering rumour fed,
Soon plants her feet upon the earth
And in the heaven her head.”

“By gathering rumour fed” seems suggested by Virgil's description of Fame, and is here otiose and inappropriate. The repetition of *πρῶτα καρύσσεται* shows that there is still an allusion to the wave. Strife is at a distance, like the wave, small, but close at hand assumes overtowering dimensions. Besides, “a pigmy at her birth” is scarcely even a paraphrase of *εὖ ἔλκην μὲν πρῶτα καρύσσεται*.

We have not space to examine the other pieces with the same minuteness, but we may observe that the “Threat of Achilles” is less unlucky in the metre, and fares better in consequence. Of the “Boast of Achilles” the same may be said; and then comes the description of a battle, which, with rhyme and metre dead against it, is rendered with a skill bordering on the supernatural. We have noticed one or two places in which Mr. Gladstone has omitted some feature essentially Homeric. For instance: *ἰκαστο ἰλὸν οἶπας ἀμφικύπελλον, παύσαντες*, is rendered—

“They pledged him in the parting cup.”

Here the old custom of making a libation before drinking, expressed in *παύσαντες*, would be lost to a reader who did not know the original. Again: *ἀπ' Ὀκεανὸς ῥόαν* conveys a peculiar geographical theory, which altogether disappears in “Ocean's wave-worn bed.” However, these are rare exceptions, for as a general rule there is a closer adherence to the text than perhaps any translator has ever attained before.

In translating Horace Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled powers of compression find a better field. The flowing redundancy of Homer is rather injured by compression, but the elaborate polish of the Horatian Odes, where each word is like a diamond cut and set, exactly calls forth the translator's peculiar strength, and he is in his glory. The famous “Ode to Pyrrha,” the “merum nectar” of Scaliger, has been so often and so well translated, that few would care to provoke comparison. However, we think that Mr. Gladstone need not fear any competitor. The following stanza is perfection:—

“Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aure
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites.”

“Who now believing gloats on golden charms;
Who hopes thee ever kind and ever void;
Nor, hapless! knows the changeful wind's alarms,
Nor thee, untried.”

We can only glance at the translations from the German and Italian. It is scarcely too much to say that Mr. Gladstone's vigorous English often improves on Italian originals, and we half feel that the copy and the original should change places. Take, for instance, the following line:—

“Vegna ver noi la pace del tuo regno.”

“Thy kingdom come; Thy peace too come with it.”

There are only two German pieces. One is Schiller's “Count of Hapsburg.” The dactylic metre presents considerable difficulty to an English translator, but Mr. Gladstone has very successfully contended with it. We do not quite see why “Giessbach” (the German word for a torrent) is turned into a proper name, and as such retained in the English. It is, we believe, a word of Swiss origin, but there is as little reason for keeping such a dialectal peculiarity as a German translator would have for keeping our Scotch words. There is a magnificent translation into monkish Latin of the “Rock of Ages rent for me,” with a stanza from which we must conclude our criticism:—

“Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

“Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.”

That Mr. Gladstone should translate so well what he knows is not strange, for he has all the qualities requisite for the task—subtlety, compression, untiring patience, and a perfect mastery over his materials. But that, amid all his pressing avocations, he should have found time to know so well what in four languages he translates, is matter for astonishment.

LIFE A LA PARISIENNE.*

THE Boulevards, with their broad asphalt pavements, and the indescribable glitter and animation which for ever pour along them; the gilt and mirrored cafés, in the front of which the lounging flâneurs of Paris sit at round marble tables; the subdued rush of feet and voices in the Palais Royal, as compared with the din of the Rue St. Honoré; the heavy atmosphere of perfume and tobacco in equal proportions,—in a word, all that astonishing, fascinating, exquisite, devilish existence which is spread before one in Paris, is recalled vividly to the mind by a genuine French novel—a novel such as the one before us, written by a Parisian *pur sang*. It is a production only possible on the banks of the Seine. Like a *pâte de foie gras*, it is a compound of art and artificial disease. It depicts men and women from whom human nature has been expelled by a fork so pointed that there is no chance of her ever running back. It is curious to reflect how this style of literature coexists side by side with some of the deepest and freshest in the world. Fanny runs through eighteen editions; but *La Religion Naturelle* of M. Jules Simon attains four with very respectable speed. While there are Frenchmen living who have written books which all thinking Europe is grateful for,—men who will leave the imprint of their genius on every science known,—here, close beside them,

* *Louise. Par Edouard Gourdon. Quatrième Edition. (Bourdillat et Cie.)*

are others occupied in spinning stories, of which the best description is Carlyle's dictum on *Faust*: "Wretched cloaca of a book, without depth even as a cloaca." Wonderful, gifted, glorious, miserable France, when is she destined to find peace and contentment?

Our readers need not fear that it is our intention to drag them into a cloaca in the present instance. On the contrary, it appears that *Louise* is of so pure and exalted a type that it is astonishing it has succeeded at all—that is, according to the French critiques which M. Gourdon has assembled in his preface. We are told, "it is full of that fine and delicate poetry which is now scarcely any longer known." It "addresses the soul rather than the senses." The vulgar will be "indifferent to it, but the choice spirits," etc. etc.; and so on for about twenty pages, by which the author clearly shows that the morality, delicacy, and deep feeling of his book have not passed unobserved by his own countrymen. In selecting a foreign representative specimen, it is important that a work be thus recognized by the public, otherwise we are always in danger of laying hold of some private eccentricity or folly, and supposing it to be national. But for *Louise* herself.

She is introduced to us as a widow receiving at her house a circle of distinguished men of the time of Louis Philippe, artists and others. "Louise entertained her friends with perfect grace. You came about nine o'clock. At ten she prepared and handed round the tea herself. Every one left between eleven and twelve." The nameless hero of the story was presented to her, and in about three months' time he began to think that, "in certain respects, it was a very desirable conquest." They take a drive to the Bois de Boulogne, and on their return from the Bois it is nearly four o'clock.

"It was cold, and Louise asked me to come to her apartment and warm myself for a moment. I sat down by the fire, and Louise drew aside a curtain which concealed a neighbouring room, and passed into it. It was her bed-room. She went backwards and forwards, passing and repassing through the stream of light which poured between the divided hangings of the door. Further in I saw a couch, on which fell a double curtain of silk and muslin. The carpet she was treading on was white, dotted with roses. From this room, thus suddenly thrown open, a puff of perfume came out upon me. It was like a breath of spring which the chamber sent into the boudoir in exchange for the joyous light it received. Louise had laid aside her shawl and bonnet, and was now before a mirror, about to arrange her hair. She wound the large rich curls round her ivory fingers, and they fell on a neck as white as alabaster. Her arms, alternately uplifted, allowed her figure, her hips, her bosom, to display their exquisite outline. Her eyes were soft and earnest, like two pansies after rain. A gentle flush had overspread her cheeks, and between her lips, half opened by an arch smile, her teeth, like a double row of pearls set in coral, glittered forth."

In a short time the friendship grew so fast that a project arose, "the innocence of which had something so original about it that it tempted me." It was simply this. Louise every summer passed a few weeks in the country. "The country," she used to say, "has its compensations. I am never dull there. I surround myself with birds and beasts which want looking after; cocks, hens, pigeons, rabbits, flowers. I throw a little variety into my life by a journey or two to Paris, and I thus see the days and weeks linked one on to the other, uniform and rather monotonous perhaps, but still soft and refreshing."

Well, this genuine lover of the country was about to look out as usual for a rustic retreat, and the project was that the unnamed and

mystical hero should accompany her in her search. At last she decides on *Confians*. We extract the following dialogue:—

"—I am at once delighted and overwhelmed that your choice is made.

"*Louise*. Why either one or the other?

"—Delighted, because you would never find anything that would suit you better; overwhelmed, because my office of companion is over to-day, and the nest being found we shall not have to look for it together any more.

"*Louise*. It is your intention, then, to cut me directly I leave Paris.

"—May I be permitted to come and see you?

"*Louise*. How can you ask it?

"*Louise*, said I, taking her hand, 'I shall come... often; and even if you wish—' I hesitated.

"Well, go on," she said, turning pale, and fixing her large eyes full of anxiety right on me. 'If you wish,' I said, speaking almost in her ear, 'I will come, and will leave you no more.'

"*Louise* did not answer, but she surrounded my head with her arms, and pressed it hard against her chest."

Then follows, in the most luscious and idiomatic French, a description of their country life. Looked at by a sincere and jubilant worshipper of nature, such a view of it must appear almost profane. But it is intensely characteristic for all that. There is not an epithet applied, or a rapture expressed, that does not refer to some sensuous delight or bodily comfort. The astonishment, too, of the writer, that the country can be endurable, is very naive and curious. He positively did not regret his "habitudes parisiennes." The next marvel was, that he loved *Louise*, and she him, without any pecuniary interest on either side—*jamais la question d'argent n'est venue se poser entre eux*. Thus were passed spring and summer, in arcadian simplicity, lounging in the shade, watering the garden, and sitting out of doors in soft starlight nights. When, horrors of horrors, *Louise* went to Paris, would not tell me why, and did not return till between twelve and one. Of course love cannot stand this, however strong it may be; and "I" packs up its carpet-bag, and is for starting by the six o'clock a.m. train for Paris. *Louise* stops me on the stair, and reveals a fact, which makes me not only remain at *Confians*, but strikes him speechless and motionless.

The rest of the story is only fit for the pages of the *Lancet*, or a clinical lecture; suffice it to say, that both sides agree that all love is for ever over between them. Madame goes to Paris, and Monsieur the same (by different trains), and so it ends.

This is the book which a chorus of French critics hailed as welcome addition to their literature; and the public seemed to ratify the decision by reading it. Will not the French learn that true art can no more exist on such materials than a statue can be made out of street-mud? Do they not see it is more than a crime—it is a fault? Will their fictionists never try to raise their readers, but always to lower them if they can? Is it true that this style of writing is much increased of late in France? If so, there is yet a depth of debasement for "la grande nation" of which she little dreams.

HEALTH, HUSBANDRY, AND HANDICRAFT.*

THE unprecedented impulse that has been given during the past few years to the growth and development of social science must be a subject of sincere congratulation to all who

have at heart the moral and physical welfare of their fellow-men. Although England cannot claim to have originated the conception of a science of society, nevertheless to Englishmen belongs the credit of being the first to recognize the practicability of the idea, and to carry out its theoretical conclusions. Men of the stamp of Mill, Buckle, and Brougham have entered upon the task of philanthropy,—philanthropy in its broadest and fullest acceptance—in the true cosmopolitan spirit of science.

Scarcely less widely known, and certainly not less universally appreciated, are the labours of Miss Harriet Martineau in the domain of what must now rank as *reformed philosophy*. The whole of a long literary life has been devoted to the furtherance of this one object, and with no mean results. To her masterly exposition of M. Comte's *Cours de Philosophie Positive* we must attribute, to some extent, certainly, the present positive tendency of philosophic speculation in this country, and the recognition—partial, indeed, even now, but still progressive—of the fundamental truth on which a science of society can alone be constructed, viz. that the laws of human nature are in themselves as fixed and determined, and hence as appropriate objects of scientific investigation, as the laws of any physical phenomena. But, unlike her great French prototype, Miss Martineau has not confined herself to mere theoretical abstractions. The periodical literature of the last quarter of a century bears abundant witness to her unwearying exertions in the cause of social reform. Scarcely a single phase of this comprehensive question has escaped her observation. She has boldly emancipated herself from the false delicacy which our ultra-refined conventionalism has thought fit to impose on the sex, and touched upon the foulest plague-spots of our social system, in a feeling, womanly, and yet pre-eminently philosophic spirit. She has tracked disease and death, both moral and physical, to their fountain-head of vice and ignorance, and applied the resources of social science to its legitimate end—the alleviation of suffering, and the amelioration of the condition of humanity. Even the freaks and foibles of fashion, and the "social wants" and "social lies" of every-day life, have not been beneath her notice. The *nil humani alienum* is a maxim from which she never swerves.

The above remarks have been suggested by the perusal of a selection of Miss Martineau's contributions to the fugitive literature of the day, recently published in a collected form, under the title of *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft*. It is impossible within the limits of the present article to do full justice to the whole of this somewhat bulky volume. We shall therefore confine our attention to the first heading, which is especially entitled to consideration from the intrinsic value of the suggestions it contains, and the light it throws on Miss Martineau's position as a social reformer.

Under the head of "Health" we have a series of articles on the sanitary condition of that large section of the community which, from ignorance, deprivation, or the peculiar nature of its avocations, is especially exposed to the inroads of disease. This momentous question is discussed in a tone that cannot fail to inspire the reader with an irresistible conviction of the writer's earnestness. Every phase of the drama of life—from the cradle to the grave—from the "schoolboy, with his shining morning face," to the closing scene in the "strange eventful history"—passes before our eyes with a vivid minuteness of detail that might seem melodramatic were it not too

* *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft*. By Harriet Martineau. (London: Bradbury and Evans, 11, Boulevard Street. 1861.)

rainfully real. Commencing with infancy, in a chapter appropriately entitled "Herod in the Nineteenth Century," Miss Martineau proceeds to investigate the causes of the enormous rate of mortality in children:—"Picture to yourself," she says, "all the infant schools you ever saw united in one:

"Add to them all the collection assembled at the baby-shows we heard of five years since; add to these again all the infants you ever remember to have seen; and then imagine these thousands of infants struck dead, lying—a crowd of corpses—on some wide common (for St. Paul's Cathedral floor would not hold them); conceive of them laid out in rows on the grass; with their little coffins piled in pyramids behind them; and you see but a small part of the Murder of the Innocents which goes on in England every year. Did you ever think of this before?

"The fact is proved that, in England, a hundred thousand persons die needlessly every year; and of this number, forty thousand children under five years of age."

And yet there is no difficulty in accounting for this terrible state of things. One of the most prominent causes of this mortality is the pernicious custom, more especially prevalent among the higher classes, of employing wet-nurses. The complaisant doctor brings the nurse, "and the indolent mother is unaware that her own infant probably suffers, though it does not die, from being put to the wrong breast, while it never enters her head that the nurse's baby probably dies." Another cause is the quality and quantity of the infant's food. In most cases, and "almost universally in the poor man's dwelling," a large proportion of the nutriment is lost by bad cookery. Too often disease is engendered and fostered by actual want. Malthus has preached in vain; the sins of the parents are visited on the offspring. Sometimes it is the reverse; the child dies of absolute surfeit. "Cordials," "sleeping mixtures," and quack medicines generally, are scarcely less deadly. "We ourselves," says the author, "have seen ladies in silk and lace diligently engaged in killing a baby—following their own notions (the mother obedient to the grandmother)—rubbing in calomel in large quantities, after putting some down the throat." Undue excitement of the exquisitely sensitive cerebral organization is scarcely less pernicious than the contrary extreme of never attempting to develop the dormant faculties. One mother, we are told, shakes her infant "like a pitch of hay on a fork," singing its praises the while in a "scream like an eagle's." Another niches it on her arm acrobat-fashion, or puts it on the carpet like a bag of meal, leaving it to the blissful enjoyment of a bunch of keys or a rattle, until somebody comes to pick it up again!

Passing from infancy to childhood, we have a chapter devoted to education, under the encouraging title, "School: For Life or Death." Bad ventilation and scarcity of fresh air and water—a most persistent votary of hydropathy—is Miss Martineau, in the shape of swimming baths or "tumbies" for both sexes—are the most common defects of the modern school régime. "Cheap" schools are her especial abomination; after stating her opinion that it is impossible that children can be properly fed on the "advertising" terms, the subject is dismissed with the naïve remark, "I am not writing for murderers." Good food, good cookery, "a pretty wide range of puddings," warmth, quiet sleep, vigorous exercise, and no fagging, figure prominently among the essentials of school life. Whether the present generation of parents will coincide with our author as to the "immense advantage when the day comes for boys and girls learning and playing together," or as to the desirability

of climbing trees, cricket, racing, and jumping, as suitable exercises for young ladies, is a question we will not venture to determine.

In the chapter on "Follies in Food," the author avails herself of the opportunity to denounce the generally defective culinary education of the modern young lady. Her mother does not teach her; we have no schools for the homely domestic arts; and how should she know anything more of housewifery than of law, physic, or divinity? The consequence is, that when married her notions of house-keeping are on a par with poor Dora's in *David Copperfield*, purchasing a 20lb. salmon for two, and indulging in similar culinary eccentricities. "We have seen," our author continues, "ladies buying pork under a sweltering summer sun, and inquiring for geese in July and January, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May." Now that cookery and industrial schools are being established everywhere, Miss Martineau seems to be of opinion that modern young ladies have a surer and safer, if not a royal road, opened for them to the hymeneal altar. Even a course of *philosophie positive* cannot wholly divest her of the old-fashioned notion that the shortest and most direct line to that desirable terminus, a husband's heart, is *via* his stomach.

In connection with young ladies and husband-trapping, we have an excellent chapter, entitled "Dress and its Victims." With the exception of "chimney-pot" hats and waterproof coats, Miss Martineau is, on the whole, tolerably satisfied with a modern Englishman's attire, more especially now that the "natural comforter," the beard, has come into fashion. But tremble, ye fair but doomed votaries of "kiss-me-quick" bonnets, "military heels," "woolies," and crinolines. Colds in the head, colds in the feet, colds in the chest, and rheumatism everywhere, will be the infallible consequences of your infatuated devotion to the great goddess Fashion. The most perfectly fitting of stays (nowadays, we believe, ephemised into "corsets") compressed by a twenty lady's-maid power, will not reduce a commonplace figure to the proportions of the Graces of Raffaele, or the symmetry of a Venus de' Medici. The patient—there is no other term for it—"is as stiff as the stem of a tree; her ribs are pressed out of place down upon the soft organs within, or overlapping one another. . . . She cannot go upstairs without stopping to take breath every few steps; the arms are half-numb, and the hands red and chilblained; and they must walk as if all of a piece, without the benefit or grace of joints in the spine and limbs." She must make her choice, and that quickly, between fashion or consumption—there is no other alternative. Even the notable compromise instanced by our author, of wearing "only six-and-twenty whalebones," will not appease the stern goddess Phthisis. The limits of our space forbid our pausing to contemplate with Miss Martineau crinoline from an æsthetical or humanitarian point of view. Illustrations from "haycocks," "Dutch tumblers" (a favourite toy, it should be mentioned, of Miss Martineau's infancy), perils of fire, air, water, wheels, rails, pails, or nails;—husbands, fathers, and brothers driven against gate-posts, or penned up in a corner of the family pew, to the detriment of their devotions and Sunday clothes, or thrust outside the brougham (the text has "coaches," but they went out with "stays," "protection," "Dutch tumblers," and the "legitimate drama") for want of room. Children "swept off pathways, foot-bridges, and steamboat decks," such are a few of the many accusations brought against that "Frankenstein monster" crinoline. But

what can we have in its place? No Yankee "Dress Reform Association;" no Bloomer costume; emphatically, no, Miss Martineau! The remedy is worse than the disease.

To pass from gay to grave; from muslin to Malthus; from Bloomers to burial-clubs. The evils resulting from these last-named institutions, which had their rise in the virtual re-enactment of the "Lex trium Liberatorum," towards the end of the reign of George III., are very ably illustrated under the quaint heading—"A Death Watch worth Dreading." In the days when a large and rapidly increasing population was regarded as a satisfactory criterion of national prosperity, and assistance from the poor-rate was proportionate to the number of children in a family, both the positive and preventive checks to population ceased to operate; and the consequence was an inordinate increase in the number of children. But with the return of peace and the 9,000,000 soldiers and sailors from their foreign stations, a great reaction took place. The labour-market became over-stocked; wages fell; Poor-law guardians regarded large families of paupers with suspicion; and relief was grudgingly bestowed.

Then arose a multitude of schemes for economy, and clubbing money, and insuring lives, and at last—insuring deaths. Children were looked upon unlovingly, as their death would be an immediate gain to the parents; the "Evangelical" cant phrases of the day—"it was a happy thing, for the Lord would provide better for them"—favoured the idea, and the "slaughter of the innocents" was wholesale. The number of trials for infanticide called at last for legislative interference; but the legion of deaths from neglect and ill-treatment were beyond the cognizance of the law. Matters stood thus until the passing of the "Friendly Societies Act" in 1855, which ordained that the amount obtainable from one or more societies should not exceed £10; but even with this limitation the evils arising from burial clubs are still severely felt in the various districts where they prevail.

Miss Martineau's suggestion of changing the burial-fund into an endowment-fund for children, to be paid when they attained a given age, is very valuable, and would at once do away with the present objectionable system. Her concluding words on this subject contain so much sound, practical common sense that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

"The best way of discouraging these infant burial-clubs is to keep the children alive and well. Let everybody help, then, to get all infants properly vaccinated. Let public opinion discredit the hire of wet-nurses, which annually dooms large numbers of the children of wet-nurses. Let it appear that society expects and intends its infants to live and not die, and the terrific mortality which marks the site of burial-clubs will decline, and the clubs with it. The difference between them and the hopeful, cheery endowment Insurance, is the difference between the tick of a death-watch in the stifling chamber in the dreary night, and the stir and chirp of nestlings in the wood, in the breeze and glow of the morning. If the working men of England saw the choice that lies before them, surely they could not hesitate between the life-fund and the death-fund for their children."

Let us assume now that our model infant has escaped the dangers of wet-nurses, starvation, surfeit, burial-clubs, school, and all the thousand and one perils of childhood, and has attained to years of discretion. He or she, as the sex may be, has to make choice of a livelihood. Our author, having some 260 pages at her disposal, allows a selection from some twelve different occupations; but we must restrict him or her (Mr. Mill's complaint of

the want of a heteroclit pronoun is well founded) to the choice between a student, a governess, and a needlewoman. Miss Martineau's remarks on these three classes of occupation are especially worthy of attention. Her suggestions to the student are full of interest and instruction, and are doubtless the fruit of a long personal experience.

The habits of early rising and of taking brisk outdoor exercise as the first act of the day, are strongly inculcated. Abstinence from all violent stimulants or sedatives, such as strong tea, coffee, snuff, wine, spirits, or opium, is stringently enjoined. What will the "British Anti-Tobacco Society" say to absence of any allusion to the pernicious nicotine? Seven or eight hours *per diem* is the maximum of time to be allowed for study; substantial meals at regular intervals; and an interval of active exercise, if possible, between books and food. A leisure hour for dinner, with cheerful conversation, or a short nap, afterwards. Light occupation in the evening; literature or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music, or other recreation. Study or literary occupation during the "small hours" is strictly tabooed on the (to us) somewhat questionable ground that sleep in the dark hours has a more beneficial effect on the system than that obtained during the daytime. Without presuming to question the validity of Miss Martineau's conclusion on this head, which she states to have been derived from "philosophic observation," we would fain suggest that the superior quality of sleep in the dark hours might in some degree be attributable to the greater freedom from noise or interruption therein obtainable; and if so, then the same reason would apply to the devotion of those hours to study.

The chapters on the "Governess" and the "Needlewoman" will be read with deep interest by all such as have ever turned their attention to one of the most urgent sociological problems of the day—the amelioration of the social condition of women. On this subject, one of the number, one more especially bearing the credentials of such experience and earnest philosophic investigation, is in every respect entitled to speak with authority. Miss Martineau is of opinion—and few will be disposed to dispute her conclusion—that the unhappy position and inadequate remuneration of both the intellectual and physical serf is traceable to a common cause—the limited sphere of operation compared with the overstocked state of the labour-market.

The same remedies are, to a certain extent, to be sought for in either case. In the first place, a more extended field of employment for women, such as watch-manufacture and the telegraph and printing offices; and, secondly, a more comprehensive spirit of association and combination. The establishment of Ladies' colleges in London and Edinburgh, and the success of the Governesses' Home, in Langham Place, afford abundant proof of what might be effected by a more systematic *esprit de corps*. And still further results might be anticipated from the naturalization in England of institutions on the principle of the "Denmark Maiden Assurance Companies."

The only hope for any permanent improvement in the condition of the needlewomen must lie in a similar co-operative movement, and in the more general introduction of the sewing-machine.

A beautiful and touchingly solemn chapter, entitled "The Aged," forms an appropriate termination to this portion of Miss Martineau's volume. As we peruse it, our thoughts instinctively revert to the writer—one who,

through evil report and good report, has laboured in her labour of love with womanly patience and more than womanly strength, and now, in the fullness of years and the plenitude of her faculties, can rest from her lifelong labours in the proud consciousness that she has done her duty and furthered the common cause of science and humanity. We cannot conclude more appropriately than in her own words:—

"If half the thought and sentiment that are spent on the subject of death were bestowed on the practical duty of strengthening, lengthening, and ennobling life, we should be more fit to live worthily and die contentedly. Let us prepare the way for the next generation to try whether it is not so."

RECENT POETRY.

The Martyrdom of Kelavane. A Poem. (Hall, Virtue & Co.)

Poems. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." (Alexander Strahan & Co.)

Fragments in Verse. By R. H. (Pickering.)

In spite of Mr. Ruskin's denunciation of all poetry below the very highest, in spite of the dry matter-of-fact life most of us are compelled to lead in this money-loving, money-losing age, in spite too of the critics whose duty compels them to pounce on any hapless versifier who usurps a territory to which he has no fair title, the minor poets are still plentiful among us, and bid fair to be so till the end of time. For our own part, we cannot wish that it should be otherwise. There are certain moods of mind in which a small song sweetly chirped reaches the heart more swiftly and surely than the elaborate composition of a master poet. The pleasant ring of the rhyme, the natural thought simply expressed, suffice to stir the mind without exciting it: we are pleased without being surprised, and cheered as with the first breath of Spring or the sight of early flowers. Even Samuel Pepys found himself strangely affected by the ballad of "Barbara Allen," while men of a more imaginative temperament have felt their pulses quickened by some simple line or stanza. Unhappily it falls to the lot of reviewers to read a vast number of wretched productions which are termed poems, without having any real title to the name. This kind of literary rubbish is exceedingly plentiful, and exceedingly annoying; it is as irritating as a barrel-organ, or as the east wind.

Of the three volumes now before us, two are worthy of notice and of praise. The author of *The Martyrdom of Kelavane* has been happy in the selection of a fine subject; and though his treatment of it is by no means equable throughout, yet he has produced a poem which shows considerable felicity of expression, and force of imagination. An excellent action is of primary importance to the poet, although in the present day it is too frequently ignored altogether. Such has not been the case in the present instance.

Kelavane, a princess of Georgia, was called to the throne at the time when her country was tributary to Persia. Christianity was nominally professed in the province, but Abbas had decreed that the ruling prince must profess the Mahomedan faith. The noble princess would not accept the princely dignity on so shameful a condition, and after eight years' imprisonment and torture, she was burnt to death. Such is the bare outline of a story which has been filled up by the author of the poem with much beauty and pathos, and with due attention to the facts of history. The continuity of the tale is perhaps broken, and its effect somewhat injured, by the use of a variety of metres in the different sections of the poem. In none of these, however, does the poet utterly fail, while over one or two he shows so complete a mastery, as to lead us to wish he had confined himself to them. We should like to illustrate this by extracts, but a careful perusal of the poem convinces us that we should be doing injustice to the poet in making the attempt, unless indeed we were to occupy a considerable amount of space.

Poems, by the Author of "The Patience of Hope,"

is the unattractive and unassuming title of a very charming volume. It consists for the most part of reflective pieces, written with pathos and feeling. There is a great deal of sentiment in the book, but no sentimentality; and the marked simplicity of the author's style forms a striking and pleasing contrast to the productions of the spasmodic school. Every poem is intelligible, and there are few in the volume which do not please one the more upon a second perusal. We observe one translation from the poems of Geibel, which is rendered with close adherence to the original. Emanuel Geibel is the most popular living poet in Germany, but few of his lyrics have been translated into our language. There is a fair field here waiting to be occupied. We recommend the author of *The Patience of Hope* to take possession of it. Some of her poems have already appeared in print. The ballad commencing with the couplet—

"Do you think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?"

must be familiar to all our readers.

Another poem, which, if the word is used in its modern sense, may be termed a pastoral, seems also like an old friend. Yet we do not feel sure that "Mary" is a reprint. It is just possible that the exceeding simplicity of the style and the truthful and natural manner in which the thoughts are conveyed, may deceive us in the belief that we have read the piece before. It is placed among the author's earlier poems. It is certainly one of the most beautiful in the volume.

"I lose myself within thy mind," exclaims the writer of these poems in a sonnet to Mrs. Barrett Browning, and it is true that in many of the poems which are wholly or semi-sacred the resemblance to the poet of the "Seraphin" is very marked; as, for instance, in the following poem, entitled "In sadness:—"

"A child in sickness left behind its mates
Upon a summer holiday, from tears
Refrains himself a little while, and waits
Perchance in hope to see some comrade kind
Come back to play with him, but no; he hears
Their voices die away, and up the hill
Now, thinks he, they are climbing, now they wind
Along the hedge-row path, and now they find
The berries that o'erhang it; even now
The red ripe nuts from off the hazel bough
Are dropping fast, and then across the brook
He hears them shouting to each other, through
The alder-bushes. So his thoughts pursue
Those wanderers on their way, until his look
Steals wistful to the sunshine, and his book
Drops from his hand; what would he with that glad
Free company? too weary for their glee,
Too weak to join their sports—yet he is sad;
Then comes his mother, lifting tenderly
Her darling on her knee, and all his day
Glides peaceful on, though none come back to play.
The house is very still; none come between
Their quiet talk, she smiles on him serene,
He speaketh oft to her of those away;
So, Father, I am left! I will not mourn
To follow after them, so I may be
The closer to thy heart;—so I am drawn
Through stillness and through sadness nearer Thee!"

Other poems we might quote, not quite equal to the foregoing, which show still more plainly how much the writer is indebted to her master (we ought rather to say mistress), yet there is strength enough in this poet to enable her to walk without leading-strings, and it is from choice rather than from necessity that she submits to these trammels. The following poem is in a very different strain, and does not owe any portion of its inspiration to Mrs. Barrett Browning:—

THE KISS.

"I come to thee from one
Thou knowest of,—I bear to thee her kiss:
'No bitter words,' she said, 'when I am gone
Give thou but only this.'"

The month was wellnigh cold
I took it from, yet hath it power to bless;
The lips that sent it never moved of old
Except in tenderness;

And ere they ceased to stir
They trembled, as if then they strove to frame
A word,—the only one 'twixt heaven and her,—
Methought it was thy name.

They wore unto the last
A calm, sad, twilight smile, from patience won
Her face had light on it that was not cast
From joy's long-sunken sun.

She waited for a word
Of Love to stay on; Hope did long endure;
She waited long on time, for she had heard
His spells, though slow, were sure.

She waited: but her stroke
Was heavier than her groaning; one by one
All failed her: Grief was strongest, so it broke
Each thing it leaned upon.

She waited long on God,
And He forsook not; through the gloomy vale
She leant upon His staff, until His rod
Broke forth in blossoms pale.

Then did her spirit bless
The gracious token: then she saw the rife
Salt-crosted standing pools of bitterness
Spring up to wells of life.

And Peace, a friend for years
Estranged, stood by her on her dying bed:
See that thou weep not o'er her grave, her tears
Have long ago been shed.

She grieves not for the mould:
A heavier load lay long upon her breast
Than Earth, which hath been to her far more cold
In waking than in rest!"

We have but one word to say in favour of *Fragments in Verse*. The little volume is beautifully printed, and proves that Mr. Pickering is resolved to maintain the high reputation won by his father. Unfortunately, the *Fragments* are unworthy of the casket in which they are placed. The writer asks, in one of his poems,

"Doth there remain no hope, no way
By which our sins we expiate may?"

In reply to which we say, that the only manner in which R. H. can expiate his poetical shortcomings is to write no more verse, or, if that self-denial be impossible, at least to refrain from its publication.

SHORT NOTICES.

Considerations on the Human Mind, on the Present State and Future Destination. By Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D., ex-J.F., etc. (London: George Manwaring, King William Street, Strand.) The simplicity of an unsophisticated purchaser would lead him to think, on seeing this book exposed for sale, that it treats of the philosophy of the human mind. So we thought, on seeing its title, "*Grattan on the Human Mind*." Here, we said, is a new contribution to the science of psychology; perhaps more than a contribution—a science in itself; a redistribution of mental faculties; a full analysis of the laws of association; a settlement of the untempered, if not interminable, controversy respecting the immediacy or mediacy of perception; an arbitration sufficient and decisive of the question whether the will is free or a slave; fresh light on what have been denominated "latent modifications of the human mind," etc. Five minutes' acquaintance with the inside of the book discovered to us the fact that the title was an egregious misnomer. "*Grattan on the Human Mind*" is a wrong title for "*Grattan on Grattan*." Now we do not mean to say that Dr. Grattan is not a very interesting subject in himself. His life, for anything we know, may be full of incidents so startling and even thrilling as to throw all autobiographies into the shade. It is not at all impossible that he may be able to write more intelligently and eloquently about himself than about any other subject, whether physical or metaphysical. But we protest against the practice of cheating the public into the purchase of one article for another, whether it be cloth, coffee, a painting, or a book; and we warn our readers that deception surely awaits them if they invest their money in the work under review, from any expectation that it is a systematic treatise on matters of psychological import; and we shall deem it our duty from time to time to set the mark of literary dishonesty on works which do not in some fair degree correspond with their titles. It is not of course denied that once and again Dr. Grattan refers to the human mind, but never with any discernible method. If for a few moments he seems to be soberly engaged in the consideration of some metaphysical topic, he starts suddenly up, and chases with even a ridiculous fury the Athanasian creed, or some other unfortunate symbol or doctrine which he does not happen to believe. Not that we object to a vigorous hunt after any creed, which may be erroneous in substance or

injudicious in form, or which may be thought to be so, but let not this be done under cover of a purpose entirely different.

Dr. Grattan is a man of originality, as his preface undoubtedly testifies. Some writers prefer to enrich and embellish their works with a portrait, photographic or otherwise; the doctor prefers a description to a portrait. Let him speak for himself:—

"On the 23rd of January, in the year of our Lord 1790, a male child was born, in the house in which I now reside. He was a second son, the first having died about eleven months previously, when only six weeks old, in conformity with a prediction, that no eldest son of the family should ever live to succeed in the possession of that dwelling. How the aged crone who invented this story came to acquire her knowledge it is hard to say; but certainly, the truth of her assertion has been confirmed by the fact, in four successive instances.

"A fairy Rath was profaned, and a weather-beaten thorn, covered with ivy, round which the fairies gambolled by moonlight, was irreverently removed, to make room for the house about to be erected. Hence the continued resentment of the fairies. Hence the angry imprecations of the prophets, and the punishment inflicted on the elder and unfavourable members of the family.

"When the second child was born, great were the rejoicings. Many were the visits and congratulations, and many were the cups of caudle, flavoured with sugar, and cinnamon, and nutmeg, and wine, which, with pieces of cake, were handed about, each visitor wishing health and long life to the son and heir, who was pronounced by all the finest child that ever was seen, and as like to his father as possible!"

He then continues to summarize his youthful history; how, at the proper time, he was christened and inducted, going almost "into fits" at the former operation, and exhibiting equally dangerous symptoms at the latter; how he could read as soon as he could speak; how he was fond of "asking questions," more puzzling, we imagine, than ever occurred to any other boy; how he was once led to play the thief in a garden; how he has been misunderstood and misrepresented all his life long; and how, at length, when he is upwards of seventy years old, he has felt himself constrained by a sense of duty to write this book.

For ourselves we should have much preferred a well-executed portrait to this wretched morsel of autobiography. There is, by the way, a singular piece of modesty in this unusual preface, which may enable our readers to form some opinion of the writer with whose work we are now dealing. He says, "You have been told, that 'you have brought nothing into this world, and when you leave it, can carry nothing away with you.' This, like most of what you have been taught, is a great error!" We are not able to say whether the learned author was aware of the authority he so brusquely challenges and contradicts. Perhaps he imagined that he was combating a sort of ecclesiastical and apocryphal theology, which had no foundation in the Scriptures; but though his citation is not remarkable for its exactness, it is to be recognized in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy. Possibly the author may like it none the better for its having an apostolic parentage, and may even be offended at the hint that on such a matter we venture to side with Saul of Tarsus. But, authority apart, on what ground do our readers imagine that our Hibernian philosopher calls in question the statement of Scripture? Is it that he has really seen a man "carry away" with him from this world a bag of gold, or a friend's portrait, or one of Dent's best chronometers? Will it be believed that the following is, in his own words, Dr. Grattan's reason for quarrelling with St. Paul:—"You brought into the world a soul, a human mind, and this possession you take with you when you leave this earth?" Now we venture to say that a very homœopathic quantity of brain is sufficient to enable any one to see, that when the apostle said "we can carry nothing out," he meant, we shall carry ourselves out, but nothing more. It is very well for Dr. Grattan to tell us that he is seventy years old and upwards: such inane quibbling as this would lead us to believe him if he had told us that he was a centenarian, with all the feebleness of such an age. The spirit which appears in the preface pervades the whole book. It is throughout egotistical, rash, careless in its statements of the opinions of his opponents, and as unsatisfactory in its replies. He tells us that he is religious, but that in his religion there is no mystery! He denies the freedom of the will, yet condemns in

language of even truculent severity, men who, on his theory of volition, or no-volition, can help neither what they think, nor say, nor do. That Dr. Grattan may have been a very accomplished physician we have no particular ground for denying; but, so far as this book is concerned, he has yet to learn the first principles both of mental philosophy and theology.

Church Rate a National Trust. By George Anthony Denison, M.A., Archdeacon of Taunton. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) Archdeacon Denison has certainly written a careful and exhaustive treatise on the subject of Church Rate. The volume will be most satisfactory to those who espouse the Conservative side of this much-vexed question. Both sides, however, will concur in thinking that the Archdeacon has done well in removing this question from the heated atmosphere of party strife, and in investigating it on abstract principles, and from an historical point of view. To that very limited class of people who are desirous of making themselves thoroughly masters of the controversy, we cannot do better than cordially recommend this volume. It is not our intention, and it is quite beyond the province of this journal, to pronounce an opinion on the merits of the original question; we have only to deal with the manner in which the question is represented. For our part, we must say that we have not found its perusal to be of the most enlivening description. The medley of blue-books, statistics, quotations, and parliamentary history we have scarcely found to be very pleasurable and alluring literature. When, however, Archdeacon Denison lays grave faults at the door of the founders of the Nonconformist sects, we must remind him that a careful study of the history of his own church would show him the quarter to which the error might be more safely assigned, even in the Anglican prelates who uniformly frustrated every attempt at comprehension and toleration. The crusade against the church rates is altogether of modern date, commencing with the first session of the reformed Parliament. It is worthy of notice that at the time of the Commonwealth, when the Nonconformists were dominant, there is no evidence of any resistance to the levying of church rates; but, on the contrary, it appears that Parliament passed an enabling law to this effect. As a mark of increased liberality and kindly feeling among the religious classes of the country, we have noticed with pleasure the evidence of a Methodist minister before a committee of the House of Lords, who speaks in no very hostile spirit to church rates, and states that he should regard the extinction of the national church as one of the greatest calamities that could befall his native country. Church rates, we find, have an antiquity almost as old as the Dooms of King Ina. The Archdeacon quotes a long passage from the *Paradise Lost* concerning the fallen spirits—a passage which he supposes to be ominous to Dissenters. This touch of the *littera humaniores* has a somewhat mitigating effect on the general dryness and controversial tone of this learned treatise.

Letters from Abroad from a Physician in search of Health. By Wm. Bullar, M.D. (John Van Voorst.) We have only one objection to make to these *Letters*. Dr. Bullar is, beyond question, a lively, sensible, and well-informed man; we have no fault to find with his style, or with his facts. He writes as an English gentleman would naturally write to his home friends when absent on a foreign tour, in the pleasing certainty that those friends will welcome his correspondence. But the publication of such a correspondence appears, to our thinking, entirely uncalled for. Dr. Bullar covers no new ground, and has little to relate of the familiar spots which he visits, which has not been told before. In his professional capacity indeed, he throws out here and there a valuable hint, which may prove of service to the invalid, but it is scarcely fair to burden the reader with two hundred pages of letter-press for the sake of half-a-dozen useful suggestions. "Except in the matter of health," says Dr. Bullar, "I have always been in doubt whether travelling is not a great mistake." If travelling involves the necessity of publishing "*Letters from Abroad*," we do not think that this doubt is altogether unfounded.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Adelaide (Queen), Memoir of, by Dr. Doran, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Bentley.
Admiralty Administration, its Faults and Defaults, second edition, 8vo., 5s. Longman.
Amber Witch, the most Romantic and Extraordinary case of Witchcraft extant, 12mo., 1s. Tinsley.
Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, Notes by Rev. D. Chase, second edition, 12mo., 6s. Whitaker.
Austin (J.), Province of Jurisprudence Determined, second edition, 8vo., 15s. Murray.
Bickersteth's Doing and Suffering, tenth edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Seeley.
Blayden (L.), Agnes Tremorn, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Smith and Elder.
Bolus (F.), Tabular Geography, part 2, Asia, 1s. 6d. Davis and Allen.
Bridges (Rev. C.), Christian Ministry, ninth edition, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Seeley.
Brook (Mrs.), Daily Reading for Passion-tide, 12mo., 4s. Macmillan.
Brougham (Lord), British Constitution, its History, etc., new edition, 12mo., 5s. Griffin.
Brougham (Lord), History of England under House of York and Lancaster, new edition, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Griffin.
Brown (J.), Horæ Subsecivæ, second series, post 8vo., 9s. Hamilton.
Caballero (F.), Castle and Cottage in Spain, Translated by Lady Wallace, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Saunders and Olney.
Caldier (J. T.), Sketch of the Civil and Traditional History of Calhness, post 8vo., 5s. Hall.
Campbell (J.), Conquest of England, Letters to Prince Consort on Popery, Puseyism, and Theology, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Snow.
Cassell's Natural History, vol. ii., Mammalia, royal 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Catechism of Latin Grammar, 12mo., 1s. Cassell.
Cazenove (J. G.), Certain Characteristics of Holy Scripture, Reply to "Essays and Reviews," 8vo., 1s. 6d. Mozley.
Characteristics of Church Architecture in Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland, 4to., 25s. Hamilton.
Circle of Christian Doctrine, a Hand-Book of Faith but of a Layman's Experience, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Hamilton.
Clark (Rev. J.), Outlines of Theology, vol. iii., 8vo., 10s. Ward.
Clayton (W.), Tales and Recollections of Southern Coast, first series, 12mo., 7s. 6d. Hall.
Cook (Eliza), Poems, new edition, 12mo., 5s. Routledge.
Cowan (C.), Thoughts on Satanic Influence, second edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Vertue.
Davison (S.), Gold Deposits in Australia, second edition, 8vo., 14s. Longman.
Dicey (E.), Rome in 1860, post 8vo., 6s. 6d. Macmillan.
Dick (T.), Celestial Scenery, Wonders of Planetary System Displayed, new edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Ward.
Dick (T.), Sidereal Heavens, and other subjects connected with Astronomy, new edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Ward.
Dickie (G.), Botanist's Guide to Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, etc., 12mo., 6s. Longman.
Doran (Dr.), Lives of Queens of England, House of Hanover, second edition, 2 vols., post 8vo., 12s. Bentley.
Dougall (J. D.), Scottish Field Sports, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hall.
Drill Book Condensed, for 2nd Battalion Regiment, 1s. Longman.
Ellacombe (H. T.), Practical Remarks on Belfries and Ringers, second edition, 8vo., 3s. Bell.
Ferguson (R.), Consecrated Heights, Scenes of Higher Manifestations, second edition, post 8vo., 6s. 6d. Ward.
Filippo Malincontri, Student Life in Venetia, edited by Vilpe, 2 vols., p. 8vo., 15s. Manwaring.
Foster (J. G.), Commercial Code of Signals of all Nations, third edition, 7s.
Fragments in Verse, by R. H., 12mo., 3s. 6d. Pickering.
Free Church of Scotland at the Bar of Common Sense: The Cardross Case, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Ward.
Gatty (Mrs.), Proverbs Illustrated, third edition, 32mo., 2s. Bell.
Giraldf Cambrensis Opera, edited by J. S. Brewer, vol. i., royal 8vo., 3s. 6d. Longman.
Graham (G. T.), Merchants' Counting-House Companion, royal 8vo., 25s. Longman.
Gray (J.), Country Attorney's Practice, 8th edition, post 8vo., 17s. Crookford.
Gretting (A. H.), Vicissitudes of Italy, third edition, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.
Hardwicke's Shilling House of Commons, 1861, 32mo., 1s. Haycock (W.), Gentleman's Stable Manual, second edition, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Routledge.
Hollingshead (J.), Ways of Life, post 8vo., 5s. Groombridge.
Holmes (O. W.), Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.
How to be a Riffman Moveable, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.
Hutton (C.), Mathematical Tables, new edition, royal 8vo., 12s. Whitaker.
Innes (C.), Sketches of Early Scotch History and Social Progress, 8vo., 10s. Hamilton.
Jenkins (R. C.), Short Family Prayers, post 8vo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Jovett (B.), Statements of Christian Doctrine, 8vo., 2s. J. H. Parker.
Keith (A.), History and Destiny of the World and the Church, according to Scripture, 8vo., 10s. Nelson.
Laurence (E.), Handy Book on Law of Principal and Surety, 12mo., 1s. E. Wilson.
Louis (A. H.), England and Europe, a Discussion of National Policy, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Bentley.
Lucy Melville; or, Lost and Found, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.
Lytleton (J.), Sibyl and other Poems, 12mo., 4s. Smith and Elder.
Mair (J.), Introduction to Latin Syntax, 12mo., 3s. Whitaker.

Marks (E. N.), Men of Deeds and Daring, a Book for Boys, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Dean.
Martyrdom of Kelavane, a Poem, 12mo., 5s. Hall.
Mayhew (C. J.), Law of Merger as it affects Estates, post 8vo., 5s. 6d. Stevens.
McGowan (A. T.), Tea Planting in Outer Himalaya, post 8vo., 5s. Smith and Elder.
McKinlay (D. A.), Heir of Ardanarchan, and other Tales, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hall.
McNicol (T.), Essays on English Literature, 12mo., 7s. Bell.
Murray's Handbook for Central Italy and Florence, new edition, 12mo., 10s.
Musgrave (G. M.), Bye-Roads and Battle Fields, and Picardy, royal 8vo., 6s. Bell.
Nouveau Testament, par Osterwald, new edition, 32mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Papers for the Schoolmaster, vol. x., 1860, 3s. Simpkin.
Rawlinson (G.), Elementary Studies, edited by E. Sturges, post 8vo., 4s. 6d. Macmillan.
Roberts (H.), Dwellings of the Labouring Classes, third edition, royal 8vo., 4s. Seeley.
Rousseau (J.), Confessions, Translated from the French, post 8vo., 6s. Reeves and Turner.
Smith (G.), Two Lectures on Church Music, royal 8vo., 1s. Richardson, Greenwich.
Symonds (W. S.), Old Bones, Notes for Young Naturalists, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Hardwicke.
Wild (G. J.), Brief Defence of Essays and Reviews, 8vo., 1s. Hardwicke.
Winslow (O.), the Atonement, viewed Experimentally and Practically, eighth edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. Shaw.
Wolfe (A.), Hymns for Female Use, Selected, 18mo., 2s. Macmillan.
Yelverton Marriage Case, 8vo., 1s. Vickers.

MISCELLANEA.

Everybody is looking forward with some curiosity to the new magazine, of which Mrs. S. C. Hall is to be the conductress, and we shall soon have a bright yellow in addition to the orange and mauve which her predecessors in shilling magazines have adopted for their respective badges. In our last number we gave the names of some of the contributors to the *St. James's Magazine*, and we are this week enabled to do somewhat more, and speak more definitely of the contents of the first number. Poetry promises to be a great feature, and though Tennyson will be absent, there is to be a considerable gathering *minorum siderum*. Owen Meredith, Miss Muloch, authoress of *John Halifax*; Mrs. Clive authoress of *IX Poems by V.*, and the still more famous *Paul Ferrol*; and Tom Hood. All these will, we believe, put forth their strength in the first number. Dr. Doran will contribute an article, and Robert Bell will open the ball with a short piece on "St. James's." Fiction will, of course, be prominently represented by the conductress herself, in a serial story, "Can Wrong be Right?" There will also be another tale by a popular author, entitled, "Ralph the Bailiff." We must not omit to mention what will be a very decided feature in the magazine—the portion of it devoted to the "young of the household." This is to contain a story for the school-room, in the first number to be by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and entitled, "Bessie's Beginnings."

We understand that Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* has now reached its hundredth thousand issue; in America the circulation has exceeded half a million of copies.

On Wednesday evening last, at the St. Leonard's Institute, Pimlico, Mr. Dafforne repeated his interesting lecture, on the "Poetry of the Arts," lately delivered by him at King's College.

Amongst one of the most recent and not the least striking of the developments of Italian national feeling is the following. A commission, with Prince Strozzi at its head, has been formed to carry out the project. It is proposed to erect a noble statue to Dante, in the centre of the Piazza della Signoria, at Florence, which is to be converted into an Italian Pantheon by continuing around it the Loggia of Orgagna, with statues of great men and wall paintings of heroic deeds. It is intended also to hold at Florence, in May, 1865, a great national festival in honour of the poet, that being the sixth centenary commemoration of his birth. A similar festival will be repeated every five years, and on these occasions it is proposed to crown with medals of honour the best ten works which have in the interval been produced in science, literature, and art. To assist in the expense of this undertaking, and to give all those who, rejoicing to see the Italian nation restored to its just place among the Powers of Europe, would fain preserve a fit memorial of

this great event, a complete National Edition of the poet's works is to be published at Florence, under the following conditions:—

It is to consist of six volumes large royal octavo, of about 600 pages each, with a seventh or supplementary volume, as an album, containing lists of subscribers and other matter. The text will be accompanied with notes by the most eminent living Italian Dantophilists.

The first volume will contain the Life and Times of Dante, with an exquisitely engraved portrait of the poet, from the painting by Giotto, discovered by our countryman Seymour Kirkup, of Florence. In this volume will be printed the name of the subscriber to whom the copy belongs, with the number of it in the series.

Mr. Trübner has been appointed by the commission to receive subscribers' names, and transmit them to Florence. The price of each of the six volumes will be 28s. The seventh volume will be given gratis. The payment will be made on delivery; and the volumes as they issue from the press will be transmitted to Mr. Trübner for distribution.

KING ALFRED'S ANGLO-SAXON GEOGRAPHY.*

THE very full title to this work explains clearly the aim of the learned author, but an inspection only can convince the reader of the care and truthfulness of its execution, as far as the Anglo-Saxon facsimiles and translation into modern English extend. Next to the title, we have a short but elegant tribute which the learned Doctor pays to his spouse for "the valuable assistance she has given in collating the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts." After a table of contents and short preface, with a neat summary of the literary labours of our great Saxon monarch, we come to the facsimiles of that portion of the work which the title embraces—pages 1 to 3 from the *Lauderdale*, and 4 to 16 from the *Cottonian Codex*. Of the care bestowed upon the facsimiles of the *Cottonian Codex* we have had occasion to be fully satisfied. After having been collated by the late Mr. Ebenezer Thompson, it was submitted to another gentleman, by whom some errors which had escaped the former were pointed out to and corrected by the editor. It is not too much, therefore, to assume that we have a perfect reproduction of the original text; and if, as some have surmised, the splendid codex in Sir Robert Cotton's collection be a holograph of the great king, also a pleasing proof of his great diligence and ability, after he has conquered the defects of an early education. It is not our present object to enter into any critical examination of this text,—it might, indeed, be somewhat presumptuous to do so,—or even of its literal translation; our bounds prescribe certain limits to hebdomadal criticism, and we hasten, therefore, to a consideration of the notes beneath it, in which we find much to object; not that herein we blame the learned Professor, who, having no opportunity of personally examining the localities, must necessarily use the commentaries and explanations of those whose foreign domicile might be supposed to render them competent guides upon local topography. This is the case more especially with the important intercalation introduced by our Saxon king into Orosius's work of the voyages of the two mariners, Othere and Wulfstan. As they are in detail more special than any other portions of the work, it has attracted more particularly the notice of commentators. Englishmen have taken it up principally for the language; foreigners, as the earliest vernacular record of their geography.

Before, however, we proceed, it may be useful to now give slight notices of all the commentators who have preceded our present author.

Our learned Spelman, after some cursory mention of the travels of these two seamen in Hackluyt and Purchas, first drew attention, in 1678, to their great importance in his sixth appendix to his *Life of Alfred*, by publishing the original text, with a Latin translation and notes by certain Alumni Oxonienses. Professor Murray, of Göttingen, followed in a paper

* Description of Europe, and the Voyages of Othere and Wulfstan; written in Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great. By the Rev. Joseph Bosworth, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., now Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford.

to the Academy of Sciences in that university in 1765; and his views were in a great measure sustained in 1773 by the learned Danish historian, Langebeck, in his collected *Body of Danish History*, with the original text. In the same year we had the first English version, with the original text, by the Honourable Daines Barrington, with notes by Forster; to these we shall subsequently refer, as the source whence all the ideas of later expounders of a North Cape voyage to the White Sea have been copied. Amongst these blind followers of a blind guide we must include Sharon Turner, in his *History*, and Wheaton, in his *Northernmen*. The next inquirers are foreigners, who have not accepted Forster's wild fancies; one is a learned Swede, Heinrich Gabriel Portnaa, Professor of the Finnish University of Abo, and the learned Anglo-Saxon scholar, Professor Rask, of Kiöbenhavn, whose grammar of our earliest tongue must ever be considered normal.

There are incidental notices in many other foreign writers, particularly of Northern Germany; but the only other commentator I shall mention, antecedent to the work before us, is a short treatise by Dahlman, the friend of Gervinus and Grimm, in 1822, called *Forschungen im Gebiete der Geschichte*, which principally turns upon the identification of a place called Sciringsheal, which occurs five times in Othere's narrative, and is universally allowed, to use a military phrase, to be the key of the position. It was more especially to meet Professor Dahlman's theory concerning this place that a small pamphlet was published anonymously in German, and distributed to the Germanist meeting at Lübeck in 1847, in which it is endeavoured to establish this disputed Sciringsheal at the locality where the famous emporium of Vineta, on the southern coast of the Baltic, a little to the eastward of the island of Rügen, is usually placed; and we believe we break no confidence in stating that it was by Dr. William Bell, as it is so mentioned by Dr. Bosworth, who, in Note 77, quotes the work, and the opinion that the Thurso of Wulfstan is Dirschau, a town now considerably up the Vistula, but to which, from the geological features of that river-valley, may formerly have been close on the shore of the East Sea (Ost See), as the Baltic is invariably termed by the nations around it.

This important passage is in the original Anglo-Saxon, given in Roman characters, as follows (Bosworth's Text, pp. 4 and 5):—

(3) "Othere sæde that seo scir hatte Halgoland he he on bude. He cwæth that nun man ne bude ne northan him. Thonne is an port on suthewardum them lande thonne man het Sciringsheal. Thyther he cwæð that man ne mihte gesegelian on anum moute, gylf man on niht wicode and ælce dæge hæfde anmyrne wind: and ealle tha hwile he seol segelian be lande:—and on that steor-bord him bið ærest (*Island*), and thonne tha igland the synd betux (*Island*) and thiseum lande. Thonne is this land oth he cymth to Sciringsheale: and ealre weg, on that bæc-bord, Northweg. With sutha thone Sciringsheale fyth swyðe mycel sæ up in on that land: seo is bradre thonne enig man oferscen mæge: and is Gotland on othere healf eogean, and siðtha Sellende. Seo sæ lith mærig hund mila up in on that land."

(9) "And of Sciringsheale, he cwæth, on fif dagan to them porte the mon hat at Hæthum, se stent betux Winedum and Seaxum and Angles and hyrth in on Dene. Tha he thiderward segode from Sciringsheale, tha was him on that bæc-bord Denemearc; and on that steor-bord, wred sæ thry dagas, ær he to Hæthum come, him was on that steor-bord Gotland and Sellende and iglandafeld. On them landum eardodon Engle, ær hy hider on land [common], and hym was tha twegen on that bæc-bord tha igland the in Denemearc hyrath."

We follow this up with Dr. Bosworth's own translation (pp. 13 and 14):—

(3) "Othere said that the district in which he dwelt was called Halgoland. He said that no man abode north of him. Then there is a port on the south of the land (*Norweg*) which is called Sciringsheal. Thither he said that a man could not sail in a month if he anchored at night and every day had a fair wind. All the while he must sail near the land. On his right hand is first *Iceland*, and then the islands which are between *Iceland* and this land [*Britain*]. Then this land continues till he comes to Sciringsheal; and all the way on the left is *Norway*. To the south of Sciringsheal a very great sea runs up in the land; it is broader than any man can see over, and *Jutland* is opposite, and then *Sellende* [*Zealand*]. This sea lies many hundred miles up into the land."

(9) "He said that he sailed in five days from Sciringsheal to the port which they called Hæthaby (near Schleswig), which stands in the midst of the Winede, Saxons, and Angles, and belongs to the Danes. When he sailed thitherward from Sciringsheal then Denmark was on his left; and on his right a wide sea for three days, and the two days before he came to Hæthaby he had on his right *Jutland*,

Zealand, and many islands. The Angles dwelt in these lands before they came into this country, and these two days the islands which belong to Denmark were on his left."

We have italicized three places in this translation: an interpolation of *Norweg*; and a change of *Ireland* (*Ireland*) of the original into *Iceland*; and the rendering of the word *wicode* in the Anglo-Saxon by, if he anchored: to all of which we reluctantly demur. Our reasons for the first will appear in our going the same journey as Othere; and for the third, we believe *wicode* means directly the contrary, at least here, and is still found in the German *wecken* and the English *wake*; that is, if he continued his journey during the night—if he waked.

To the understanding of the above voyage thoroughly, it is first of all indispensably necessary to be sure of the point of departure, which is *Halgoland*. This, since Forster, has been generally taken to be a district in Norway called the Hallingen; but this is but a generic designation of any portion of a country unprotected against the sea, as the latter part of the word, *Ings*, has the same meaning in Lincolnshire. Mügge, in *Streifzüge in Schleswig-Holstein*, has, chapter V, rubricated "die Halligen und die Marschen;" and in every respect the formerly large and important island of Heligoland answers better the description that Othere gives of the shire (*scir*) in which he lived, even "as the most northern of all the Northmen." For what does the North mean? and we answer with Pope—

"Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
At Scotland, at the Orades; and there
At Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

But Pope might have followed up his witty lines by historical proof. He might have instanced, in Roman times, the point by the border-province *Norica* and its capital *Castra Noricorum*, now *Nürnberg*. In the time of Alfred and Charlemagne, the title had migrated to the Elbe. Eginhard, in *Vita Caroli Magni*, says, "Contra Normannos qui Dani vocantur;" and our Asser in his *Annals*, "Contra Normannos, qui Dani vocantur, pugnavit." We might stop here, if we did not wish to follow this erratic compass-quarter to its highest home in the North Cape, where with something of a ludicrous propriety it is joined to *Hammerfest*, most probably lest it should move further. Heligoland was, as we have said, formerly a large province with numerous towns and rivers, and a tradition makes it join the mainland to the north, so that it was separated by the breadth of a mere plank. The spot on which we place Sciringsheal, on the southern shore of the Baltic, will then be sufficiently south of Heligoland for the accuracy of a seaman to notice. All, then, in Othere's description is plain sailing. The place is south of Norway, which would here be the Normanni above quoted of Eginhard and Asser; and the month's sailing would be fully sufficient to voyage along *Jutland* through the Sound, and so southward to the present shore of *Pomerania*; but it would require him to sail all the nights through. What *Ireland* on his right hand means is contested by Dr. Bosworth for *Iceland* against Professor Ingram and Rask; for as *Ireland*, which Dr. Bosworth, note 54, justly says often meant Scotland, so that if we can suppose our regal author mistook the mariner's steor-bord for bæc-bord—an easy mistake for one unacquainted with the locality, and unconvertant with sea terms—the islands betwixt Scotland and this land (if Britain is there meant), otherwise, if Othere intends his home, the Shetland group, would then be in their proper position. All the way, on his way south to Sciringsheal, Norway is to his left when he has passed the Sound. But now follows what unmistakeably points to the spot I argue for; for by the moving the full-point from before to after the expression with *sutha*, so as to join it to the previous sentence, in which I can see no difficulty: we then find from Sciringsheal, the Gulf of Bothnia, a very great sea running up into the land many hundred miles, and broader than any man can see over, and *Jutland* (*Gothland*) is opposite (on one side), and *Sellende* (*Zealand*) on the other.

Any difficulty on the second portion of his narrative will vanish, when we view it in the right light: all commentators hitherto have supposed the voyage to commence at Hæthum; and we may mention here this place as a proof of Forster's un-

fitness for expounding this text, that he allowed Daines Barrington to place it beyond the Belt in *Jutland*. If he had not chosen to consult Ethelwerd, p. 833, ("Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Guitos, habens oppidum capitale quod sermone Saxonico Sleswig nuncupatur secundum vero Danos, *Huytheba*,") he might have found in any common geography that Hæthabye is, even now, but a continuation of a long street, part of which is denominated Sleswig. Such is the trustworthiness of the inventor of a North Cape journey, by one whose subsequent follies in the Jacobin Club at Mainz, in 1793, brought on him the imputation of insanity.

Let us, however, commence at Vineta, the now overwhelmed emporium, which Adam of Bremen and Helmold describe in the most powerful superlatives, as the greatest commercial city of the north, but which, like Felixstow in Suffolk, the Goodwin Sands, and many other places along our shores, is now submerged, and to which we may ascribe the words of Ovid:—

"Vidi ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus
Esse frutum."

But, starting from this point, not far from where the Oder falls into the Baltic, he sailed to Hæthaby in five days. When he sailed thitherward from Sciringsheal, then Denmark was on his left. Here he merely mentions his former Normanni under the other name of Dani, as the previous extracts from Eginhard and Asser prove; and on his right a wide sea for three days. He would have on his right the whole breadth of the Baltic, sailing round Rügen; and the two days before he came to Hæthaby, *Jutland*, and *Zealand*, as the inspection of a map will prove; and these two days the islands which belong to Denmark were on his left. Keeping in mind our previous definition of these Dani, the islands mentioned must mean those which formerly subsisted in North Holstein round Oldenburg, where are still those frequent lakes which now intersect the country. Thus we land Othere, consistently with his own account and geography, in five days at Hæthum, and there we will at present leave the discussion. We feel we have already transgressed our assigned limits, otherwise we were prepared by a strict geographical development of every locality that the voyages of both travellers are bounded by the Baltic, which, when entered through the Sound, they navigated and visited the principal commercial emporium in it. From the present absence of the walrus in the Baltic, Dr. Bosworth seeks, in a very long and elaborate note (note 44), that, as one of Othere's objects was to capture this animal for its teeth, he would not have gone into that sea. But we will ask the learned professor, if that, because there are now no wolves in England, he does not believe that a tribute of a hundred wolves' heads was formerly exacted by our Saxon princes from the Welsh. We must, however, reserve all further comment to better opportunity.

With every obligation to our present professor of Anglo-Saxon, we thank him heartily for his excellent facsimiles and his translation, unexceptionable in every point, except where a foregone conclusion has biased his views, and induced him to twist the text to suit it.

W. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Permit an injured man to appeal to the honest portion of the Press against a rare act of injustice and cowardice in certain popular journals. I must premise that an author is neither an outlaw nor a dog, nor a disembodied spirit, nor even a mixture of the three, but a man and a citizen, with a citizen's claim to remuneration when he writes for another, and, by inevitable consequence, a citizen's claim to be sole proprietor of his production, when he creates it at his own cost and honestly. The first proposition has never been disputed in any court of law; the second stands or falls with it.

The Legislature has acknowledged in express terms this moral right, and, building on it, and not on arbitrary power, has by repeated acts pledged itself to hold intellectual property sacred as real property, and more sacred than any other personal

property—for a term of years. Need I say that this limitation as to time nowise affects the sanctity of the right except in the addled heads of a few insular lawyers, born incapable of logic, or law, or property. So much for intellectual property; now for intellectual monopoly. Any man, woman, or child in the kingdom may write a play, or a book, and so become an honest proprietor. Anybody may publish a book or a play. Here, therefore, is no monopoly. But lo and behold! although the theatrical manager has no more title, morally, to a monopoly than has his brother the publisher, nobody out of that clique, the narrowest in Britain, can build a theatre with any just security of being allowed to open it, nor can perform a play on other premises, nor even sell a bit of spoken dialogue or mere pantomime to the public. This might be borne, though out of character with the age, if the monopolists would show themselves as a class morally worthy of a mediæval monopoly regnante Victoria. But they do not. In their ranks are the most habitual thieves, not in England only, but in Christendom. They habitually steal from the French inventor by "the adaptation swindle." (The publisher, to compensate him, I suppose, for having no monopoly, is not allowed to work "the adaptation swindle" on our gallant allies.) They steal from the English novelist by "the kidnapping swindle." The publisher, to compensate him for having no monopoly, is not allowed to work the "kidnapping swindle" on his countrymen. (Reade v. Conquest; Judgment of the full court.) Result: Mr. Morton of the Canterbury Hall has not the right to play his own property honestly purchased from an honest inventor. I have not the right to play my "Never too Late to Mend," honestly created by five years' labour; but the thieves, who can hinder me by law from playing my own property, claim the right to play, and sell by public advertisement, what the law says, and the judges admit, is not theirs, but mine, though their brother-pirates can neither tamper with it nor restrict my trade. Thus, oppressors, or shufflers, as suits the particular occasion, they combine the vices of the strong and the weak; they trample on just and equal liberty with their feet, and filch the sacred rights of property with their fingers. The consequence is, that for one breach of the Eighth Commandment by the publishing pirate, there are fifty acts of heartless theft done by the theatrical pirate, though he is the only Englishman protected from competition by an unconstitutional, mediæval monopoly.

Now, Sir, I believe in Divine justice, and that, even in a nation of jackasses, it will not allow so monstrous a double iniquity to last as long as the world and the fine arts. The mediæval monopoly let others attack. My humble efforts are aimed at the other end of "the great national swindle." I am trying hard not to be pillaged into the workhouse by this gang, monopolists of other men's property. I have sued a brace of mediævals for an alleged piracy by one stroke on two properties of mine—"Gold," a drama, and "Never too late to Mend," a novel. In one case the defendant demurred to the second count, but joined issue on the first. And now comes my immediate grievance. While the judges suspended their judgment on the demurrer, the *Daily Telegraph*, contrary to the decent custom of the Press, dictated a judgment to the court, on grounds that would whitenewash Newgate. I took no notice. When the judges decided, but not on grounds *Telegraphical*, against me on that count, the *Telegraph* produced a leader congratulating petty larceny in general, and telling it the whole case of Reade v. Conquest was disposed of, and piping "the Rogues' March" upon every honest inventor's literary labours. This obliged me to write a few civil lines to the editor, begging permission to explain that one count only, and not the case, was disposed of. Had this communication been printed, I should not of course be taking the present most unusual step. But short and necessary as it was, the editor, contrary to the decent custom of the press, excluded it from his columns. To avoid twenty or thirty superfluous suits at law, which the now deliberate mendacity of a popular journal was preparing me, I wrote to the editor of the *Times*, explaining my hard case, and begging him "in the name of our common religion and our common humanity" to give me the aid of

publicity against a public and mischievous misrepresentation, that might be bad for all parties. Alas! like my predecessor in the parable, I had gone from Jerusalem to Jericho. The editor refused me that little grain of fair play and humanity. To do him justice, he would not have refused it to a cobbler or a carpenter friendless and attacked by numbers as I am. But I am an author: and scribblers have no human feeling for authors. The effect of this foul play is just what I anticipated. Two fresh acts of what I believe to be illegal piracy are announced for this week. And I shall probably have to file two injunctions in the Court of Chancery to restrain them. I moved the Court for one last week, which will be argued immediately.

If, therefore, you will make public that Reade v. Conquest is not disposed of, and that the issue will be tried as soon as possible, you will do me and all honest authors a service and an act of justice.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
CHARLES READE,
Sole author, in both its forms, of "Never too Late to Mend," of which seven nameless scribblers advertise themselves as the authors.

SCIENCE.

THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

March 6, 1861.—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.

Francis George Shirecliffe Parker, Lieut. H.M. 54th Regt., Roorkee, and J. Gwynn Jeffreys, Esq., 25, Devonshire Place, Portland Place, London, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—
1. "On the Succession of Beds in the Hastings Sand in the Northern portion of the Wealden Area." By F. Drew, Esq., F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain.

2. "On the Permian Rocks of the South of Yorkshire; and on their Palæontological Relations." By J. W. Kirkby, Esq. Communicated by T. Davidson, Esq., F.G.S.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the above society on the 9th March, at 3 o'clock, Colonel Sykes, M.P., in the chair.

Hodgson Pratt, Esq., Robert Dalglish, Esq., M.P., R. D. Parker, Esq., resident, His Excellency Mirza Ja'fer Khan, Ambassador from H.M. the Shah of Persia, non-resident members.

A paper was read by the Secretary on the biography of Shahin-Gheray, the last Khan of the Crimea, and presumed author of an ode in Turkish, the text and translation of which will appear with this memoir, in the Society's forthcoming part of the Society's Journal.

The memoir gives a sketch of the rise of the Khanate of the Crimea, and of its administration; of the adoption of the name of Gheray by the reigning branch of the house of Jenghiz; and of the political events which preceded the annexation of the Crimea to her dominions by the Russian Empire, Catherine the Second.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Another very numerous attended meeting of this society was held on Monday—Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair.

Among those present were Generals Portlock, Eber, Fox, and Monteith; Admirals Back and Belcher; Sir Justin Shiel; the Earls of Sheffield and Ducie; Lord Colville; Viscount Strangford; Sir Thomas Fremantle; Sir John Anson; Colonels Gawler, Sotheby, Shaffner, U.S., Cooper, and Loyd; Majors Cooke and Cracroft; Captains Kellett, Collinson, Hall, Nicolson, Stopford, Ommanney, Kennedy Constable, Tindal, Hay, and Pike, R.N., and R. Burton, Young, Lynch, Claude Clerk, S. Hyde, and Griffith Jenkins; Drs. Rae, Hodgkin, Sibson, Bright, Bennet, Glen, Ogle, and Bernays; the Revs. Fynes-Clinton, Ruck Keene, Ouvry North, and F. S. Grimston; Messrs. Crawford, Hamilton, Brooking, White, Biddulph, Croskey, A. Russell, M.P., B. Nixon, M.P., Oliphant, E. O. Smith, Walker, Arrowsmith, Baker, Findlay, Spottiswoode, etc. etc.

Sir Charles Bright was presented upon his election. Commanders P. H. Dyke and H. E. Gunnell, R.

N.; Major W. Ross King; Dr. W. Lander Lindsay, M.D.; Rev. E. J. Moon; the Hon. Roden Noel; Sir Henry Stacey, M.P.; Major Alexander Strange; Rev. W. H. Walker; and John Anderson; Robert Armstrong, late Chief Magistrate of Sierra Leone; Henry Bailie; William Brodie; Peter Morrison; Samuel Ingall; T. G. Knox; George Lorimer; W. Robert McConnell; Pliny Miles; and John Edward Woods, Esquires, were elected Fellows.

The papers read were—

1. "Account of Four Excursions in the Japanese Island of Jesso," by Pemberton Hodgson, Esq., F.R.G.S., H.M. Consul at Hakodadi. Mr. Pemberton Hodgson and his party made four journeys in the island of Jesso, during the months of June, July, and August, last year. These journeys were principally along the coast in various directions, but on the last he ascended the great volcano, about 4,000 feet high. The country passed was described as exceedingly rich and beautiful, abounding in forests and flowers; chestnut, oak, pine, beech, elm, cherry, sycamore, magnolia, roses, honeysuckle, convallarias, orchids, vines, clematis, and numerous others, as yet unknown varieties. They were received everywhere with the greatest attention and civility during the excursions. He visited likewise the celebrated mines of lead and iron. Jesso he believed to be inhabited along the coast only; the interior being full of bears and other animals, the forests containing "all the woods necessary for the fleets of any country." The natives of this island, consisting principally of the "Ainos," a servile race conquered by the Japanese, and amounting to about 80,000 souls, appear to live chiefly upon fish and vegetables. Large quantities of seaweed and Bêche de Mer are collected. Quail, pigeon, partridge, woodcock, and snipe abound. Gold was also found. Mr. Hodgson concludes by giving his opinion that "Jesso is not known, even to the natives; it is still a nut, of which, with the exception of the shell, they are entirely ignorant."

The Chairman, in returning the thanks of the Society to Mr. Pemberton Hodgson, adduced this as an instance of the great utility of the Society, without which this interesting and instructive paper, relating to a country never explored by an Englishman before, and pointing out new channels of commerce, would probably have been lost to the public.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant, F.R.G.S., hoped to be able to send to the Society any information he might collect. By the conditions of the treaty the right of travelling into the interior was confined to the members of the mission at Jeddo. He alluded to the wrecks on the coast in the vicinity of Yesso, and thought it a reflection upon us that we should know so little respecting it; and referring to the favourable disposition of the Japanese towards the Europeans, remarked that he was quite sure it rested with the English merchants there so far to conciliate the ruling classes, as to render the task of conducting our relations with that country every day more easy.

Sir Frederick Nicolson, R.N., F.R.G.S., had visited Hakodadi, and had found the survey most accurate. He corroborated the statements with regard to the kindness evinced by the natives, and agreed with Mr. Hodgson in comparing the country to Switzerland, citing many points of similarity. With respect to the importance of Hakodadi as a port, he stated that there were vegetables in abundance, including potatoes. He thought that generally the Japanese ports would be of the greatest possible advantage to our ships in the Chinese seas. Referring to the change in the boundary of Russia, which included a net of magnificent harbours, he thought it was of great importance that we should have harbours also.

Mr. Pemberton Hodgson, F.R.G.S., said that Hakodadi was one of the largest ports in Japan. The exports chiefly consisted of fish for the Chinese market. The mineral productions of the country were sulphur and lead. There was also a good deal of tea. While he was there several Russian men-of-war had visited that place. Mr. Hodgson had travelled in the country, accompanied by his wife, and eulogized the behaviour of the inhabitants.

Rev. Mr. Wylie said he might be wrong, but his opinion was that the Japanese were inferior both physically and mentally to the Chinese. They were accomplished in the art of deception; but he must observe that there was a great deal to be said in

their favour. They were very energetic, and desirous of improving their position. He remarked that now that the country had been thrown open, if we did not make allowances for their ideas and habits, we should inevitably get into trouble. A great many Japanese are acquainted with the Dutch language, and they now evince an earnest desire to understand English, not only for the sake of commerce, but also in order to be enabled to read the books published in Europe, an evidence of which they had in the fact that Dr. Hobson's anatomical works had been largely distributed in Japan. The tea trade was still increasing, and there was an immense store of mineral productions.

2. "Travels in Siam," by Sir R. H. Schomburgk, Corr. F.R.G.S., H.M.'s Consul at Bangkok, which was read by Mr. F. Galton. Sir Robert, accompanied by an interpreter and two nephews of the King of Siam, started from Bangkok in December 1859, visited Aguthia, the old capital, thence ascended the Menam and reached Lahaing, the most southern of the Lao States, on 23rd of January. Continuing the journey on elephants, the river being too low to admit of his doing so in boats, he reached, after a journey of eleven days, Lakong, and proceeded onwards to Lampun and Zimay, the largest city of the Lao States. Leaving this and following the river Pingtoo, he struck across the great mountains which divide Siam from her Majesty's Burmah and Tenasserim possessions. Sir Robert concludes his communication by fearing "that this is his last exploring expedition. He is now in his fifty-seventh year, and suffered so intensely from rheumatism during his last journey as to have need of the assistance of two persons when walking."

Mr. Crawford, F.R.G.S., after having made some remarks upon the nature of the country through which Sir Robert had passed, alluded to the belief which the natives have, that the white elephant contains the soul of a being on his way to heaven. He also informed the meeting that the exports had increased half a million, and the imports the same amount, and that the best fruit grew in that country.

The Chairman announced that in order to illustrate the "Memoir of M. du Chaillu on Equatorial Africa," recently read before the Society, the large room at the house of the Society in Whitehall Place would be used for a few weeks after Easter, to exhibit the most remarkable specimens collected by that traveller, with maps and drawings. The Fellows of the Society to have tickets, upon application, placed at their disposal, and a certain number would also be sent to the councils of various scientific bodies in London. The Council had also granted the loan to the Royal Institution of the maps and drawings illustrative of the region of M. du Chaillu's explorations for his intended lecture on Monday the 18th inst.

The meeting was then adjourned to the 25th of March.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.

Evening Sitting, Friday, March 1.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Hardwicke, D.C.L., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

J. Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-President, read a paper entitled, "Notice of the late Mr. John Wood and Mr. Charles Wood, Naval Architects."

The next paper was on "The Deviation of the Compass in Iron and other Vessels, considered practically with reference to Material, Position, and Mode of Construction and Equipment," by F. J. O. Evans, Esq., R.N., Assoc. L.N.A., Superintendent of the Compass Department of the Admiralty.

The last paper read was upon "American River Steamers," by Norman Scott Russell, Esq., Assoc. L.N.A.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 12, 1861.—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.

A statement was read, by the permission of the Council, in reference to the remarks which had been made at the last meeting, upon the paper "On Floating Beacons."

The paper read was "On the North Sea, or German Ocean; with Remarks on some of its Estuaries, Rivers, and Harbours," by Mr. John Murray, M. Inst. C. E.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, March 12, 1861.—John Gould Esq., V.P., F.R.S., etc., in the chair.

Dr. Cobbold read a paper describing some Cystic Entozoa from the Wart-hog and the Red River-hog, which had recently died in the Society's Menagerie.

A paper was read by Mr. J. A. Stewart of Edinburgh, on the occurrence in the British seas of *Asteronys Loveni* of Müller and Troschel. A specimen of this starfish had been taken in Loch Torredon in Ross-shire in the summer of 1859.

Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth pointed out the characters of a new British species of *Zoanthus*, from an example taken by Mr. T. H. Stewart in Plymouth Sound in August 1860, and proposed to call it *Z. rubricornis*.

Dr. Gray described a new species of Squirrel in the British Museum collection from New Granada, for which he proposed the name *Sciurus Gerrardi*.

Mr. R. F. Tomes communicated some notes on the genus *Monophyllus* of Leach, resulting from a recent careful examination of Dr. Leach's type specimen of this genus of Bats in the British Museum.

A letter was read from Lt. Col. Cavan, F.Z.S., respecting a fine example of *Pentacrinus caput-meduse* taken at St. Lucia in the West Indies, which was exhibited to the meeting.

Dr. Crisp exhibited drawings of two species of fish from a salt lagoon near Cape Coast Castle in South Africa.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON., MAR. 18.—Royal Institute of British Architects, 8. Royal Academy of Arts, 8.—Lecture on "Sculpture," by R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A.

TUES., MAR. 19.—Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Discussion on Mr. Murray's Paper "On the North Sea, or German Ocean." Statistical Society, 8.—On "Taxes on Enjoyments (*Jouissances*)," by M. de Parieu. The Paper has been translated and will be read by Mr. Hendriks. Ethnological Society, 8.—On "Some Ancient forms of Civilization," by R. Knox, M.D.; "A few remarks on the Natives of East Australia, and the Wild Tribes of Tierra del Fuego, with specimens of their workmanship," by W. Parker Snow.

WED., MAR. 20.—British Meteorological Society, 7.—On "The Loss of Colour of Ozone Test Papers," by Dr. Moffat; on "The Dew Point at Low Temperatures," by H. S. Eaton, Esq.; on "The Extraordinary Low Temperature in America on February 8th," by J. Glaisher, Esq. Geological Society, 8.—On "Notes on a Collection of Fossil Plants from the Sandstones near Nagpur, Central India," by Sir C. Bunbury, Bart., F.R.S., F.G.S.; on "The Age of the Fossiliferous thin-bedded Sandstone and the Coal-beds of the Province of Nagpur, India," by the Rev. S. Hislop; on "The Relative Position of certain Plants in the Coal-bearing beds of Australia," by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, F.G.S.

Society of Arts, 8.—On "The Economic History of Paraffine," by Mr. Charles Tomlinson. THURS., MAR. 21.—Society of Antiquaries, 8. Royal Academy of Arts, 8.—Lectures on "Painting," by S. A. Hart, Esq., R.A. Royal Society, 8. Numismatic Society, 7. Linnean Society, 8.—On "The Possibility of taking a Zoological Census," by A. Newton, Esq.; on "Some New Species of Ant from the Holy Land," by F. Smith, Esq.; on "The Structure of the Feet in Insects," by T. West, Esq.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Monday, March 18, Nine o'clock.—M. du Chaillu, "Personal Narrative of Travels in Western Central Africa."

Tuesday, March 19, Three o'clock.—Professor Owen, on "Fishes."

Thursday, March 21, Three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall, on "Electricity."

Friday, March 22, Eight o'clock.—Professor H. D. Rogers, on "The Origin of the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy."

Saturday, March 23, Three o'clock.—Dr. E. Frankland, on "Inorganic Chemistry."

An ordinary meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, for the election of Fellows, will be held in the Council Room, on Tuesday, March 19. The chair to be taken at 1 o'clock, p.m. A ballot for seeds will take place at the same time.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OXFORD, March 14.

A STORY has long been current in Oxford, that a "Christian gentleman," a clergyman to boot, of somewhat exalted Church principles, hinted that should a purer faith, dawning upon England, cause the stake with its ring of faggots to be again set up opposite Balliol, the first victim would not have far to come to meet his doom; in short that Mr. Jowett would stink rather less in his nostrils if burnt. This admirable idea has been caught up by certain individuals of another church party, whose very title suggests Christianity without the qualification "gentleness." Anxious lest they should be distanced in the good race, these worthies have actually carried out their own peculiar views as to the manner of inflicting martyrdom, so far as to rob Mr. Jowett of the emoluments that usually go with the Regius Professorship of Greek, and to trouble him with petty annoyances whenever it may be possible. This is, of course, but stale news to those who are connected with the university, and I only repeat it now because of the renewed attention to the matter which has been excited by an article in the *Saturday Review*. This paper has considerable influence in the university, and it is to be hoped it may exercise it for good this time; it has at all events created a great sensation. There can be little hope of mercy, however, at present, for one who is mixed up with *Essays and Reviews*—that terrible book that all are denouncing, and so few reading, and still fewer quite comprehending. It is very cheering to hear that, after all the random pokes and thrusts that have been made at that work, and all the chains of petitions that have been linked to pull it down, a joint-stock company has been at last formed to destroy it bodily. Whether the partners in the *Aid to Faith* mean, like the Essayists, to adopt the principle of limited liability, I know not. One would certainly think that Mr. Mansell's performance in his *Bampton Lectures* would make him rather dangerous in his comrades' eyes: if he managed to throw his own legs off then, how will it be now, when he has three or more on his own side to keep clear of? We hope that he will draw a new weapon on this occasion from his own or some one else's armoury, and not lay about him with that old Excalibur of his, the antinomies of the reason, or poles of thought, or whatever it is called.

The judgment in the All Souls case is perhaps a shade more favourable than most people anticipated. It is decisive on two points, namely, that there must be a *bona fide* examination, and that this examination must be on subjects connected with the law and modern history studies of Oxford. Still two loopholes are left, and in spite of the gentle admonitions of the Archbishop and his assessors, and their hints that the examination should have more or less weight in the election, it is much to be feared that the high moral feelings even of the Fellows of All Souls will not prevent their availing themselves of these openings to escape. Secret voting and the estimation of the candidates' moral and social qualifications are to be permitted even under the amended state of things; so that with the two together it will be hard if a man who has aimed not at mere vulgar historical knowledge, but at the cultivation of his nobler faculties in cork-drawing, salad-dressing, and whist cannot still find room on this foundation.

Marlborough—the school I mean—has won fresh laurels. One of her alumni has carried off the Hertford (Latin) Scholarship, and another followed close on his heels. The names of these two Marlborough champions are respectively Messrs. Ibert and Papillon, both scholars of Balliol. Mr. Shorting, scholar of Corpus, also obtained honourable mention.

Talking of schools, Radley—*nicest*, if not best of them all—has fallen; not irretrievably, however, I believe: indeed, it may not, perhaps, have to close its doors at all, and certainly has not done so at present. Money matters are the cause of the present difficulties, but as it seems to be rather a "*ténébreuse affaire*," it would not be right to repeat all the current rumours till the truth is made public. The liabilities of the school are said to be over forty thousand pounds, more than half of this sum being due to a single creditor, a well-known millionaire,

who would not, I dare say, be troublesome. Dr. Sewell, the warden, has not left Radley, though he has resigned his post in favour of one of his masters, the Rev. Mr. Norman.

The two prevailing manias of the day, namely, the Turkish Bath and the taste for monthly periodicals have seized upon Oxford. We already have our bath (and, strange to say, amongst their numerous avocations a considerable number of men find time to be baked, and have cold water poured over them), and we soon shall have a monthly all to ourselves. The title—and in these cases everything is in a name—is to be Old Tom. Of course the world in general will expect to see on appropriate blue wrapper a black bottle bearing these two mystic words upon it; but the world will be disappointed, for the reference is, of course, to the celebrated bell of that name.

I mentioned that a number of small missiles have been thrown at *Essays and Reviews*. As most of them may not each have strength to get beyond the limits of the university, I have collected a few stray ones to forward them to you. One bearing the euphonious title of *The Anti-Essay*, and promising to be in ever so many parts, and, further, having the ominous letters "D.V." on the very wrapper, seems likely to afford most entertainment.

The Arnold prize has been awarded to the Rev. G. Moberly, of Corpus Christi College, who has already distinguished himself in the essay line by getting the Stanhope in 1858, and the Theological last year.

The gallant defenders of their country, the O. U. V. R. C., who, I regret to say, seem somewhat slack in their martial ardour than they did a year ago, received a fresh stimulus the other day from the generosity of their surgeon, Mr. Symonds, in the shape of a Whitworth rifle to be shot for. Mr. Popham, of St. Alban Hall, succeeded in bearing off this trophy.

In Convocation nothing of any importance has been done, with the exception of the affixing of the university seal to a petition against the "Abolition of Church-rates Bill." Mr. Goldwin Smith opposed without avail.

In Congregation on Tuesday, statutes were promulgated respecting the payment of a fee of ten guineas to the examiners for the Hertford, Ireland, Craven, and Boden Scholarships. Mr. Rawlinson wished the payment of all the university examiners to be put on a different footing, and Mr. Hansell seemed to think that the examiners for the Johnson Theological Scholarships should be brought into this arrangement.

CAMBRIDGE, March 13.

On Friday Professor Kingsley concluded his lectures for the present term. They have been remarkably well attended, although the ladies, who used to form so considerable a portion of the auditory when Sir James Stephen occupied the chair of modern history, have been rigorously excluded from the lecture room. The Professor's earnest manner and emphatic language rivet the attention of his audience; yet it must be admitted that the lectures have been exceedingly fragmentary and imperfect. Indeed, the Professor seems to be conscious of this, for he promised on Friday that his lectures should in future be more finished; he would not say more accurate, as he had already spared no pains to ascertain the truth of every statement he had made, and however much his opinions might be questioned, there could be no dispute as to the correctness of his facts.

The Syndics of the Botanic Garden have presented their sixth annual report. During the past year it has been found desirable to enclose a small space in the middle of the garden, so as to fence off the sluices, by which the entrance of water into the pond is regulated; to render more private an artificial bog which has been formed; and to prepare a place where, it is hoped, ferns and alpine and other rare and curious hardy plants may be grown. The late severe frost has done serious damage to the evergreen trees, the shrubs, and other less hardy plants; and though the precise extent of the injury has not yet been ascertained, there is reason to fear that a large number of trees are killed, and that many more will have to be cut down nearly or quite to the ground. It has been ascertained that it is perfectly useless to attempt the cultivation of many species especially the coniferae, which are

able to endure the milder climate of the south and west of England. The receipts for the year amount to £321. 7s. 7d., and the disbursements to £708. 7s. 4d., leaving a balance of £381. 19s. 9d., which has been charged to the University Chest.

Dr. Philpott, bishop elect of Worcester, has just printed, for private circulation, a volume of *Documents relating to St. Catherine's College*, the mastership of which society the right rev. prelate is about to resign. The work is a useful contribution towards the history of the university; and although documents of this nature may be considered dry and uninteresting to the general reader, yet, as the editor well observes, "the history of an institution devoted to piety and learning, which has lasted for nearly four hundred years, will reward the student with instruction of great interest and value, even though the narrowness of its foundation and endowments has caused it to be continually struggling against difficulties, and prevented it from taking more than a humble place among the sister colleges of the university."

The system of competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service, has introduced many new subjects of study into the university. Young gentlemen may be observed in our courts of law, note-books in hand, diligently making *precis* of the proceedings. A Hindustani teacher, too, has been appointed; and now, to suit the convenience of undergraduates who are desirous of taking law degrees here, and prepare themselves at the same time for the further Indian Civil Service Examination, the Board of Legal Studies have recommended that candidates for the ordinary degree in law be allowed the option of being examined in the principles of jurisprudence, and in Hindu and Mohammedan law, instead of Hallam's *Constitutional History*.

FINE ARTS.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF '62.

THE Commissioners have begun their work in good earnest, and there is at least a great appearance of sharing the responsibility, if not also the labour, with others, in whom the public are supposed to have more or less confidence. Last week the Commissioners issued a circular, asking a number of noblemen and gentlemen, then named, to act as a committee of advice on the question, whether the Exhibition should contain ancient and deceased, or be confined to the works of living artists. And this week a second circular has been issued, inviting the Press to inspect the plans and designs of the proposed buildings; and we shall glance at the plans before saying anything on the question on which the Commissioners ask advice. The drawings shown in the Exhibition offices, in the Strand, consist of a ground-plan, a block-plan facing Cromwell Road, the elevation towards Cromwell Road, and a rough sketch under dome at intersection of nave with transept; the nave itself, and the section where the machinery is to be placed. To say that there is nothing novel or striking about these plans, is only what, perhaps, was to be expected; because when substantially the same thing has been done in London, Dublin, and Paris, the mere want of novelty is not much to be wondered at. But the public are entitled to some information on the subject of these plans, and what the Commissioners may consider their peculiar advantages; for these plans give the smallest possible modicum of information. The elevation is a long strip of building, broken by a centre and some intermediate entrances, with a semi-Indian-looking dome rising at each end—not the boilers set up long-ways; and the row of arched windows, which fill the front, appear as if destined to be half-closed with iron shutters. The section for the machinery has a remarkable resemblance to a railway tunnel, supported with wrought-iron beams, with Gothic points; the nave is made to look as much like a badly-designed church as possible, while the rough sketch is so very rough, and the drawing of the pedestrian status so wretched, that people can only wonder how either the Department or the Commissioners sanctioned its appearance. There is surely no necessary connection between roughness and bad drawing; and it might reasonably have been expected

that the drawings connected with an exhibition of art would not have been such as to make people either laugh at, or blush for, this want of artistic knowledge. The ground-plan is constructed upon the same kind of slip-slop principle. Portions are marked out as kitchens and cellars, but with the conveniently qualifying addenda, "kitchens here, or elsewhere," "cellars here, or elsewhere;" and, as the elsewhere may be anywhere, it is impossible to enter into what may be called the utilities of the ground-plan as a whole.

The only other point remaining is that indicated on the block-plan, which would appear to show only about one thousand feet of space for pictures; that is, the gallery for pictures appears only to be about one thousand feet long. Now, if this be so, the question of living or deceased artists is already settled, because it is mere mockery to suppose that even a gallery 1000 feet long would not be more than filled with works of living painters in Europe and America. To be sure, "the annex" on the block-plan is treated with the same colour as the picture-gallery; and as to what this "annex" is destined for there is no information. But altogether, we fear that the Commissioners will have been found more easily satisfied than the public are likely to be with these plans and drawings. But suppose sufficient space furnished, the question raised by the Commissioners will create considerable discussion, and will probably give rise to great division of opinion among those equally anxious to arrive at a correct judgment. The fact that it has been considered necessary to call in the help of a committee of advice, may be considered evidence of a difference of opinion existing among the Commissioners on the subject; and that difference will, in all probability, be as fully reflected in the committee. The difficulty appears to originate in the want of any clear and definite idea of what the Exhibition is intended for, and what expectations it is expected to realize. Upon these cardinal points, neither the Society of Arts nor the Commissioners have given any certain sound. "It was intended to have an exhibition, and it is advisable to have it," is the substance of all that has yet been said by the promoters. Granted; but why is it advisable? for upon the answer to this fundamental question must depend the weight and relevancy of all that may be said either for or against the admission of what, for want of a more precise term, may be called previous art. The Commissioners have determined to adhere to the classification adopted in 1851, and it is unnecessary to object to words, because, beyond all cavil, everything exhibited may, in one form or other, be placed under the heads of Raw Material, Machinery, and Art; but it depends upon the relative importance attached by the Commissioners to this classification, whether the Exhibition will become a show, or a gauge for testing the progress of the nations. The important point to settle is, where the Exhibition should begin,—at the beginning, as did that of '51, or at the point to which the last Exhibition brought us? If the Commissioners, in adopting the same classification, mean that they intend to attach the same importance to each that was shown in '51, then, however useful it may be thought by some, there are strong grounds for believing that the Exhibition will be a failure, because it will be found impossible to equal the display of raw material and even if it could be done, the collection has lost its novelty and interest to at least one-half the Exhibition-goers, and that the half whose judgment and authority guides to a great extent the remainder. The same is true of machinery, although not to the same extent, because motion has always attractions for the many which cannot be imparted to raw materials. But even with machinery there would be little gained by re-exhibiting series of machines from the rudest to the most complex, even although space could be found more abundant than it is likely to be; and if the line must be drawn at some point, the natural one appears to be 1851. The raw materials discovered between that period and 1862 ought to form an integral portion of the Exhibition; but the raw material department ought to be confined to these, and what is true of raw material is equally true of machinery. Let us have sufficient to settle the position of the nations, and then let us have everything that helps to test their progress up till the proposed gathering of '62. To a great extent this must be

the practical result in the department of machinery, because all that is made for exhibition and sent will be so with this intention. Still more generally will this be the case with art industry; and here the difficulty will not be too ample representation of what was exhibited before, but there will probably be a want of that former class of works which will enable those most deeply interested to do more than catch a vague idea of difference, without having the power of ascertaining, by appeal to facts, wherein the difference truly represents improvement.

The Department of the Fine Arts is different in the fact that it is new, but it is also different in a point almost infinitely more important. If this new department is intended as a mere competition for fame, of the artists of those nations who may exhibit, as a matter of course only the works of living artists should be admissible. If, on the other hand, the aim is wider, and the intention is to show to each nation a fair sample of what the others have achieved in modern art, it would simply be absurd to exclude the works of all deceased artists; for what true idea could we form of the modern art of France without the works of Paul de la Roche, or of English art without the works of Wilkie? But even by the broadest view, the Exhibition of 1862 will lose more than half its value by being converted into a European picture-gallery, however interesting or instructive to the lovers of pictures. Besides, this has been done already, both at Manchester and Paris, and nearly all interested in pictures as such saw one or both of those exhibitions. Doubtless the same class would be delighted and anxious to see a similar exhibition every year, if that were possible; but that is not the class for which the Commissioners of '62 have been intrusted with a charter of incorporation. There seems no reason for going round about the matter. The Arts section,—that is, art especially as it bears on industry,—is the central idea, and must be made the prominent power in the Exhibition. That is what the necessities of the country require, whether the public have sufficient enlightenment to demand it or not. Britain can learn little in producing skill, and, however elevating and delightful it may be to many to see grand galleries of pictures, it must not be forgotten that for the mass of the population, even in the middle ranks of life, there are phases of this question even more important than the success of British artists in the production of great pictures. If the world's markets are to be kept, the attractions of artistic knowledge must be combined with powers of production. This natural necessity ought to stamp its impress on the Exhibition. This combination of art with industry ought to be its most important lesson to the British people, and the question is, how that lesson can be most effectively taught. That must be reserved for next week.

The Pursuit of Pleasure. By J. N. Paton, R.S.A. This fine picture is now on exhibition at the German Gallery, Bond Street. The thoughtful and poetic treatment of the subject are highly creditable to the artist. As a work of art this picture has already been noticed in these columns, when exhibited at the British Institution some years ago. The private view at Portland Street is to-day, and also at the French Gallery, which is to open with a collection of works by foreign artists.

A most interesting sale has taken place at Christie, Manson, and Wood's, of the collection of the late Mr. Chalon, R.A. Some of the drawings made by Landseer, Stanfield, and other members of the Sketching Club brought high prices; one by Sir E. Landseer being sold at seventy guineas.

NEW MUSIC.

"Sweet Eve of Rest." The poetry by the Rev. J. C. Edwards, M.A.; the music by Stephen Glover. (Charles Jefferys, 21, Soho Square.)

Smooth, pretty, and neatly-turned in the composer's favourite key of E flat: as the melody is comprised within the space of eight or nine notes, from D below the line to E flat in the fourth space, it can be easily sung by any soprano or tenor voice of moderate compass, and may fairly take its place as a "Sabbath evening song."

"The Village Church." The poetry by the Rev.

J. C. Edwards, M.A.; the music by Edward J. Loder. (T. E. Purday, 50, St. Paul's Churchyard.)

Like all the music that comes from Mr. Loder's pen, natural, easy, and flowing; but this is all that can be said in its praise, as there is very little novelty in it—not enough indeed to distinguish it in any way from those numberless effusions which are for a time duly paraded before our eyes in the advertising columns of the morning journals, and then sink into their well-merited oblivion.

"O Day of Rest." A sacred duett; the poetry by the Rev. J. C. Edwards, M.A.; the music by Adeline M. Cooper. (Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.)

This is still less to our taste than the preceding, and we have looked very carefully through it in order to ascertain what special merits could have entitled it to reach a fifth edition (for such is the announcement on the title-page), but we must confess that our search has been in vain.

"Five Sacred Songs." The music by the Rev. J. C. Edwards, M.A. (T. E. Purday, 50, St. Paul's Churchyard.)

Mr. Edwards, who has hitherto figured as a versifier, now comes before us as the composer of these five psalm tunes, which are all of a very poor and commonplace character, such as may be composed by dozens by any one tolerably familiar with a large number of ordinary psalm tunes: there is hardly a single phrase that we have not met with over and over again. In a note to Keyingham, the third of the set, the author informs us of a fact of which we were previously ignorant, that for two of our most beautiful hymns, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," and "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," we are indebted to a Welshman, the celebrated Williams of Pant y Celyn, Caernarthen-shire. These five tunes have, each of them, two sets of words, in English and Welsh; as we are not acquainted with the latter language, we are unable to say with what amount of fidelity the versions have been made.

"Hymns for the Church or Home Circle," composed and arranged by W. R. Braine. (J. Alfred Novello, 69, Dean Street, Soho.)

The great popularity which some of these hymns enjoyed on their first publication, five or six years ago, has encouraged the composer to complete the series, which now comprises twenty-six different tunes, adapted to some of the best hymns to be found in our language, by Keble, Milman, Montgomery, Bishop Heber, and Milton. With the exception of those tunes of the late Samuel Wesley which appeared about fifteen years ago in *Novello's Psalmist*, and those of Dr. Gauntlett in the *Comprehensive Tune Book* and in the *Church Hymn and Tune Book*, we know no psalm tunes of such originality and such devotional beauty as those which are the composition of Mr. Braine himself, eighteen in number. Three of these we may note as specially worthy of commendation:—No. 3, "Saviour! when in dust to Thee;" No. 10, "Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding;" and No. 22, "God that madest earth and heaven, darkness and light!" That which is marked No. 9, "The roseate hues of early morn," is the composition of an amateur (a son, we believe, of Bishop Ewing's), and is an established favourite in certain London churches, of which All Saints', Margaret Street, may be considered the type. Of those which remain, four are adaptations from well-known airs by Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Costa, a practice we are sorry to see countenanced by so able and conscientious a musician as Mr. Braine. The sound and sensible remarks of Dr. Crotch upon the propriety of rigidly excluding from the church whatever tends to remind us of the concert-room, the dance, or even the oratorio, should be born in mind by all those to whom the management and direction of our psalmody is committed.

"Three Four-part Songs," by Thomas Severn. (Augener and Co., 86, Newgate-street.)

It is some time since we have received anything from the pen of Mr. Severn, one of our most gifted and original composers; and it is with the greater pleasure, therefore, that we hail this charming little production, looking upon it as an instalment of greater things to come. Those who are acquainted with his admirable setting of some of Robert Herrick's songs, and his masterly *Serenata*, "The Spirit of the Shell," produced about twelve years since,

will recognize in these three part-songs the same combination of agreeable, classical melody with scientific and effective harmony, for which Mr. Severn's compositions have invariably been distinguished. In these days of Music for the Million, we fear that the comparatively high price at which they are marked will prevent these songs from enjoying the wide circulation to which their intrinsic merits would entitle them. Perhaps Mr. Severn looks only for a sale amongst his own friends and *clientelle*; but, under any circumstances, whilst half-a-dozen four-part songs by Meyerbeer, Smart, and Hatton may be had for one shilling, it does seem rather impolitic to offer three songs of a similar character for ten times the amount: at a more moderate price, they would, doubtless, soon be circulated amongst our numerous Choral Societies.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Vincent Wallace's "Amber Witch" still continues to attract crowded houses to witness its performance. The representations now take place on the alternate evenings only, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; and this evening has been announced as the last of the present season, but we suppose that the performances will be continued during the following week, especially as there are to be two representations at Covent Garden, and whatever is done at one house is followed *au pied de la lettre* at the other. At the time at which we are writing, there is no announcement from the lessee as to the probable time of commencing the regular Italian season; but we presume there will not be much delay on that point, now that Mr. Gye has given notice of his opening the season at Covent Garden on Easter Tuesday.

COVENT GARDEN.

The genuine success which has attended the production of "Le Domino Noir" has fully warranted the lessees in giving six additional performances of that opera; and even sixty, we are sure, might be given with pleasure to the public and advantage to the managers, did circumstances admit of it. During the past week Mendelssohn's operetta "Son and Stranger," produced ten or twelve years since at the Haymarket under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, has been revived, and the various characters being represented by Miss Thirlwall, Miss Leffler, Messrs. St. Albyn and Corri, very effectively performed. Coming, however, after Auber's bright and sparkling work, it is not heard to full advantage. The following address was printed and handed about the theatre on Saturday evening last, the closing of the season:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—At the termination of our third season at Covent Garden (and fifth of management in London), we beg to say farewell to those kind friends who have supported us through it. We did not think it necessary before the season began to state the enormous additional outlay we had incurred to gratify our kind patrons and the public, or to set ourselves forward in any ostentatious light whatever; we, therefore, might be said to open silently, deeming that our friends and patrons would now have good faith in us, as we had in them; and that this trust should not be disappointed, we considerably enlarged our company, our band, and our chorus—made arrangements for the production of Mr. Balfe's New Grand Opera, *Bianca* (written expressly for us), with all splendour, and entered into numerous arrangements, scenic and otherwise, to give effect to the most expensive pantomime that has ever been undertaken; these were concluded prior to our season commencing, and induced the necessity of withdrawing *Bianca* during the Christmas festival. Through all the discouragement of a season, which has proved adverse to all public entertainments, we have exerted ourselves to the utmost, keeping faith with the public, and never closing a single night on any pretence whatever; the various novelties, and our great *répertoire*, have been produced in every instance with expense, care, and attention, and we have endeavoured faithfully to ratify the promises made by us when we (who were the first instigators) undertook the onerous task of establishing a national opera, thereby affording a home for English composers and English artists. We therefore still hope that you will uphold us in our efforts; and as we are about to venture on future seasons here, that they may prove, by your liberal support, as prosperous as the preceding ones have been. Several works by native composers have been accepted, and will be produced with completeness. Several eminent artists are added to the establishment, and a difference will be made in the tariff of admission. To quote a favourite bard—"Tis not in mortal to ensure success, we can but study to deserve it." Wishing a kind farewell to all, we most respectfully bid you adieu.

March 9, 1861."

"LOUISA PYNE) Managers.
"W. HARRISON)

However successfully others may have trodden in the same path afterwards, it should not be forgotten that the first house which promised anything like a home for the works of native composers was Covent Garden; and that the originators of this spirited, and we almost say, patriotic movement, were Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. William Harrison. With regard to another paragraph at the close of the address, where a difference in the tariff of admission is contemplated, we cannot so cordially agree, as we believe the present charges (the orchestra stalls only excepted) to be as moderate as they can possibly be, consistently with the power of remunerating the management. Strange to say, the only part of the house which has exhibited anything like a feeling of backwardness in this season has been the pit. There are to be two more performances next week, one on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Harrison, when "Maritana" will be produced; and another on Thursday, for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne, when "The Daughter of the Regiment" will be the attraction.

The regular Italian season will commence, according to Mr. Gye's announcement, on Tuesday, April 2, with Meyerbeer's "Prophete."

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Beethoven's music, like Aaron's rod, seems likely to swallow up that of all other composers—at all events, for the present; four or five repetitions of the Beethoven programme at the Monday Popular Concerts, and two at the Crystal Palace, being still insufficient to satisfy the passionate longings of his admirers. The attractive character of the programme and the beauty of the day on Saturday last combined to bring a very full audience to the concert-room.

PROGRAMME.

1. Sinfonia Eroica (Op. 55) Beethoven
2. Adalaida (Op. 46) "
3. Scena from *Fidelio*, "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" "
4. Violin Concerto (Op. 61) "
5. Song, "Dimmi ben mio" (Op. 82) "
6. Song, "Wake thy lute" "
7. Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses" Hausen (Op. 124) "

M. Vieuxtemps made his second appearance here, and performed the violin concerto with the same brilliant and masterly style which he had displayed when playing the same work before the London Musical Society a few weeks since; the orchestral accompaniments being admirably controlled by Mr. Manns, whose capital training and strict discipline were manifested by the way in which the band executed the grand Sinfonia Eroica and the concluding overture, a work not often performed at our concerts. The vocal part, entrusted to Madame Rudersdorf and Mr. Haigh, was not so satisfactory. This afternoon M. Baumer is to play a pianoforte concerto of his own composition in B minor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The tenth season of the New Philharmonic Concerts was ushered in on Monday last with a very good performance and an excellent programme:—

PART I.

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| Overture ("Egmont") | Beethoven. |
| Air, "Though clouds by tempests" ("Der Freischütz") | Weber. |
| Violin Concerto | Mendelssohn. |
| Chorus, "Hark! the merry-toned horn" ("The Seasons") | Haydn. |
| Air, "Glocklein in Thale" ("Euryanthe"). | Weber. |
| Symphony in C | Schubert. |
| 1. Andante. | |
| 2. Allegro. | |
| 3. Andante. | |
| 4. Scherzo. | |
| 5. Finale. | |

PART II.

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| Piano Concerto in E flat | Weber. |
| Air, "My long hair braided" ("Amber Witch") | Wallace. |
| Violin Solo | Vieuxtemps. |
| Overture ("Oberon") | Weber. |

Considerable interest was felt about Schubert's Symphony in C, as it is a work immediately praised by some German critics, the late Dr. Schumann at their head; and, what is more to the purpose, strongly recommended to the notice of the Philharmonic Society by Mendelssohn himself. At its first performance in this country two years ago, at the concerts of the London Musical Society, it

was received with great coldness, and such will, in all probability, be its general reception whenever performed here, unless Dr. Wylde's example be followed, and the pruning-knife be unsparingly used. As all the repeats were omitted, the symphony was reduced to a more moderate length, and received with a corresponding degree of attention. The work abounds in ideas, some of a very beautiful character; but there is a diffuseness and prolixity about the whole, besides a general want of coherence; and these defects will always place it in a very unfavourable light when viewed in juxtaposition with the grand orchestral works of Mozart and Beethoven. Another novelty was the concerto for the pianoforte, rarely, if ever, heard at our concerts; it was admirably played by Miss Goddard, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who came forward three times in the course of the evening, was the only vocalist. On the last occasion, in the brilliant and florid rondo from the "Amber Witch," she was accompanied on the piano by M. Lemmens. The violin concerto of Mendelssohn was performed by M. Vieuxtemps, with his usual spirit and expression. In the second part of the programme he introduced an elegant piece of his own composition. Dr. Wylde has included in his band nearly all our first-rate instrumentalists, and the performance was therefore in every way highly satisfactory. Should these concerts go on as they have commenced, Dr. Wylde may expect a very brilliant and successful season.

DRURY LANE.

Christopher North, in one of the immortal "Noctes," speaking of the toddy which has been brewed by the "Shepherd," says, "If it has a fault, it is that it's a little over hot, and a little over sweet, and a little over strong, but they're gude faults a'." Precisely similar language we might use with respect to the new romantic drama, "The Savannah," which has been adapted from the French by Mr. Charles Matthews, and produced at Drury-lane Theatre. In our last number we had occasion to recommend an unsparing use of the pruning-knife to Mr. Tom Taylor's "Duke in Difficulties," on account of the pitiful amount of incident which he had doled out to support a wearisome length of dialogue; we think the same recommendation is needed as regards "The Savannah," but for precisely contrary reasons. So breathless a succession of incidents tread on each other's heels, that the baffled spectator attempts vainly to carry away with him any but the faintest idea of a play by which he has been almost equally amused and bewildered. We can only attempt to give a slight and inadequate idea of the plot of a drama which, apart from any other merits, might almost be considered as a zoological, geological, geographical, and ethnological treatise. Not only have we a horse on the boards—the white horse as inevitable on the stage as in Wouverman pictures, and which in the present drama has to do duty not only as the trained charger, but likewise as the untameable steed of the deserts—but we have a tiger! Start not, gentle reader, he is shot immediately previous to his appearance, and is as harmless as the lion so innocently personated by *Bottom*. And we have a serpent, so natural and lifelike in his movements, that our assurance of his harmlessness is by no means equally comfortable. Then we have scenes in Mexico, which the magic brush of Beverley has produced with startling effect and reality; and primeval rocks, over which we could fancy Humboldt had pored, and theorized upon their strata; and lastly, the various tribes and nations who, in their picturesque and striking costumes, people these regions, are so numerous, as to leave us in a state of mystification, in which all we could hope to do would be to classify them: to individualize them is out of the question.

Will Wander (Mr. C. Matthews) is a kind of Admirable Crichton, or Jack-of-all-trades, we hardly know how to qualify him: he has been

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

—a medical student, a barrister, "our own correspondent," a painter, and we know not how many other things besides. He has, in his wanderings, met with a Mexican officer who has, when dying, obtained from him a promise to deliver his por-

trait to his wife or daughter, *Leonora Fuellez*, (Mrs. Downton), or *Rita*, (Mrs. Charles Matthews.) He discovers *Rita* a beggar on the streets of London, she and her mother having been separated in a shipwreck, in which both were supposed to have perished. With the assistance of an eccentric American, *Colonel Silas Pennypecker*, (Mr. Robert Roxby), whom he has placed under an obligation and who in returning to America is not particular to a few thousand miles as to what point he reaches, he starts for Mexico to reinstate *Rita* in her property, which, owing to her supposed death and that of her mother, has been seized upon by her uncle, *Oliveirez*, (Mr. Ryder). This *Oliveirez* proves a melodramatic ruffian of the first water: not content with destroying a will which constitutes *Rita's* only legal title to the estates in question, he afterwards commences a series of attempts upon her life, which he pursues with unrelenting vigour. To follow either our heroine or her mother, who is here recovered, or even any of her friends—who, in addition to *Will Wander* and the American colonel, receive an important augmentation in the shape of her half-brother, a mulatto, *Sebastien* (Mr. M'Lein), a dead shot and otherwise a most heroic and chivalrous character—is here next to impossible; suffice it to say, that every danger of fire, flood, and field besets the unfortunate damsel; Fortune, with unexampled bitterness, oppressing her with fortuitous dangers even more terrible than those which result from the implacable hostility of her uncle. At length, when all conceivable dangers have been overcome by her own heroism or that of her devoted adherents, *Oliveirez* is shot in a duel, which is waged after the supposed orthodox American fashion, with rifles and from behind the protection of trees, but which occasionally presented phases which would open wide the eyes of a backwoodsman with astonishment greater than ever was caused by any incident of prairie life that came under his observation. Then all ends well, and *Rita* bestows her hand and estates upon her valiant English friend and defender. The acting is good throughout. Mr. Roxby is admirable in his personation of *Pennypecker*. Mr. M'Lein and Mr. Ryder are both deserving of high praise, and Mrs. C. Matthews displayed great versatility of power. Charles Matthews himself, gay, harebrained, insouciant, was of course the life of the whole, and played with even more than his ordinary unction. This piece must certainly be deemed a success, and deserved its good fortune, though seldom did a piece draw more largely upon the spectator's faith. Some of the scenes, like the last duel, bordered much too nearly on burlesque; and even the most confiding theatre-goer would hesitate to believe in a man bent on a pedestrian excursion in the wilds of Mexico burdening himself, as did our friend the colonel, with—a London Directory!

PRINCESS'S.

During the temporary absence of Mr. Fechter, the "Lady of Lyons" has been reproduced, with a strong cast, at the Princess's Theatre. This has been succeeded by a farcical sketch of considerable humour, by Mr. Howard Paul, entitled "Thrice Married," in which Miss Carlotta Leclercq assumes four characters. The performance concludes with the comic ballet, "The Jolly Miller," which is announced as having been performed for one hundred and twenty nights at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, at Paris. It is difficult to imagine anything more agile and more droll than the part of *Nicais*, as it is acted by Mr. Espinosa in this ballet, which is arranged by himself. Mr. Fechter resumes his performances this evening, when he appears in the character of *Hamlet*. We wait with some eagerness to see how he will acquit himself in this somewhat bold and enterprising undertaking.

ST. JAMES'S.

In a previous number (*vide Literary Gazette*, Jan. 12, 1860) we spoke in terms of high praise of the entertainment provided by Mr. Wigan at the St. James's Theatre, and augured for it a long and successful run. We are happy to find that the event has justified our prediction, and that "The Isle of St. Tropez" and the burlesque of "Endymion" have been performed, without intermission, since Christmas, and to large and increasing audiences.

We refer to the performances at this theatre again, as now, at a time when four at least of our largest theatres are occupied with the performance of drama where acting and plot are alike subservient to mere scenic arrangement, it is refreshing to have one theatre whither the lover of the drama may betake himself and see a performance admirable in itself, and no way indebted to these adventitious aids. Our impression is still that the performance of Mr. A. Wigan in the "Isle of St. Tropez" is the most perfect piece of pathos, and a conception the most truly artistic, that the present generation of playgoers are privileged to have the opportunity of witnessing. We should strongly recommend all our readers who have not already seen this excellent performance to do so while the opportunity is afforded them.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The first subscription concert of this society for the present season, the fifth of its existence, took place on Tuesday evening last; the programme, which is too long for insertion here, being composed, with three exceptions, entirely of vocal music. The association, formed principally of non-professionals, has materially improved as a choir since last season, as we have already recorded in our remarks on the performance given in aid of the Hullah fund, on the 29th January (*Literary Gazette*, Feb. 2nd, p. 111). Amongst the pieces presented on this occasion, may be mentioned the "Misericordia Domini," a motett for double choir, by Neithardt; a part-song, "O winter," by Mendelssohn, many passages in which remind us of corresponding phrases in the *Elijah*; also a very charming part-song, "Evening breezes," by Herr Oberthur; all these, and a few more by Benedict and Bishop, and two fine old German chorales, were rendered with great precision and effect, reflecting much credit on the exertions of Mr. Benedict, the conductor of the society, through whose energies such satisfactory results have been achieved.

Amongst the instrumental pieces, we must specially notice Onslow's quintett in B flat, performed by the members of the London Quintett, Messrs. Dando, Weslake, Webb, Pettit, and Reynolds: great, however, as the respective merits of these gentlemen are, there seemed to be a want of energy throughout, and it certainly lacked that boldness of *attaque* which we are accustomed to meet with in the performances of the quartett party at the Monday Popular Concerts, now enjoying so large a share of public approval: to this tameness of execution, and certainly not to the want of merit in the work, which is of a decidedly high order, that the coldness on the part of the public must be attributed. In agreeable contrast with this apathy, we may notice the effect produced by Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Benedict's *Fantasia*, "Altron," written expressly for her—a showy pianoforte piece of the modern school, abounding with mechanical difficulties. This piece being very warmly received and redemanded, Miss Goddard substituted for it another work of a similar character by the same composer, "Where the bee sucks." The remaining instrumental piece, the "Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella," by J. S. Bach, has been too often performed at the Monday Popular Concerts to require any further notice here.

In reverting once more to the vocal part of this concert, we must not omit to mention, that the solos were assigned to Miss Banks and Mme. Laura Baxter—two ladies who are now taking a prominent position in the musical world. Undine's song, "Mark the waves," from Benedict's lyrical legend of that name, was irreproachably rendered by Miss Banks; and similar credit is due to Mme. Laura Baxter, for her execution of Handel's air from *Rinaldo*, *Lascia ch'io pianga*, and Benedict's song, "By the sad sea-waves." The two ladies joined most effectively in a performance of Mozart's "Ah! perdona il primo affetto," from the *Clemenza di Tito*. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, and the whole was under the direction and management of Mr. Benedict.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The first volume of Mendelssohn's correspondence, containing letters written by him from France, England, and Italy, during the years 1830, 1831, 1832, will shortly be published.

We hear of a new tenor at the Théâtre Italien, Signor Montanaro, who made his debut a few evenings since in Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algieri." He is reported to have a voice of no great power or compass, but great skill in the management of it. The remaining parts in the opera were undertaken by Mme. Alboni and Signors Zucchini and Angelini.

The long-continued delays in the representation of "Tannhäuser" are at length traced to their proper source—the ungracious refusal of M. Dietsch to surrender his bâton to Herr Wagner. Under ordinary circumstances, we could easily understand the feeling of pride which would prevent a tried musician, such as M. Dietsch is known to be, from yielding the arduous post of conductor to another, and thereby, perhaps, tacitly acknowledging his own inferiority; but the position in which Herr Wagner stands, with regard to the musical world of Europe, is of a most peculiar nature, and we think that M. Dietsch, in resigning his command on this occasion, would have adopted a course equally courteous, honourable, and politic: as matters now stand, in the event of its non-success, all the *onus* will be laid to the account of M. Dietsch; and should the opera, on the other, be successful, it will be said to have attained this success in spite of M. Dietsch. The first representation of "Tannhäuser" was announced to take place positively on Wednesday last; but, at the time of our going to press, we have at present seen no statement of its having actually taken place, and are therefore unable to give our readers any positive information on the subject.

A pianoforte score of Spontini's "Olympia" has just been published by Brandus and Dufour, Paris.

At one of the grand musical soirées given by M. Benazet, last week, an operetta by Laurent de Rillé, *Au fond du Verre*, was produced, and met with success: the libretto is by M. Dureuil.

To encourage native Bohemian talent, Count Jean Harrach has offered two prizes for operas in two acts; and two more for libretti: the conditions attached are that the composers and authors should be of Bohemian origin, and the plots of the operas based on incidents connected with the national history.

We understand that Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" is to be performed at the next concert of the London Musical Society.

At the Vaudeville Theatre, at Paris, a slight piece, in one act, entitled "Je vous aime," has been produced with success. It is a first essay from the pen of Charles Hugo, the son of the deservedly celebrated Victor Hugo, and was certain to meet with a kindly reception at the hands of a public whom his father has so frequently delighted. Two other vaudevilles, produced at the same theatre, "Vingt Francs, S.V.P.," in four acts, by MM. Albert Mounier and Edouard Martin; and "L'Écureuil," in one act, by M. Carles, have been still-born.

Another new comic opera from the fertile pen of M. Offenbach, is announced for speedy representation at the Bouffes Parisiens; it is entitled "Le Pont des Loupiers," and is comprised in two acts.

M. Paul de Musset is engaged in preparing for the Press the correspondence of his deceased brother, Alfred de Musset, whose premature death, not long since, was so much lamented in literary circles. M. Paul de Musset is chiefly known amongst us from the paper war so pertinaciously carried on between himself and George Sand (Madame Dudevant) respecting his brother. "Elle et Lui," "Lui et Elle," the respective titles of the two brochures issued by the combatants, will serve to recal the chief circumstances connected with the case.

A Belgian musician of some celebrity, the Chevalier Joseph François Suel, died lately at a small village near Brussels, aged sixty-seven.

Verdi's "Traviata" has been produced within the past week for the first time at Brussels; the rôle of Violetta being very effectively played by Mdle. Brunetti, a pupil of Duprez; but the honours of the evening were awarded to Mdle. Trebelli, who, in the character of Alfredo, contrived to interpolate three pieces by other composers; one, the most successful of all, being from the pen of M. Meyerbeer.

A little volume of some interest at the present moment, has been recently published at Paris, a biography of Richard Wagner, by M. Charles de Lorbac; we shall take an early opportunity of returning to this work.

At the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique a new and strikingly original piece has been introduced. It bears for title "L'Ange de Minuit," *drame fantastique en six actes*, and is the composition of MM. Barrière and Edouard Plouvier. A young surgeon and ardent votary of science, Ary Kerner, has, thanks to his deep and occult erudition, become so thoroughly acquainted with the principles of vitality, that Death, who has found himself frequently robbed of the victim of whom he appeared certain, determines at last to try to bring his powerful opponent to terms. Ary, amidst all his professional successes, remains miserably poor, and Death promises him the seductive gifts of fortune and success in love. The terms, however, upon which he is to be so enriched, are, that as soon as the Angel of Death appears in the room of a patient, the surgeon is to cease his opposition and withdraw. This proposal is indignantly refused by Ary, but Death has a hold upon him on which he had not calculated: he threatens that, unless he accepts these terms, his mother, whom he dearly loves, shall come to an untimely death through hunger—a disease which not all his science will be able to baffle. After long hesitation Ary consents. We do not follow the plot through all its wanderings, but it is obvious that so unholy a compact could be productive only of misery. Accordingly, at the moment when he is about to conduct to the altar the loving and cherished woman whom he hopes to be his bride, the Angel of Death appears to claim her from him. Ary starts back, horrified and thunderstruck; but prayers and threats are useless, the bond is precise and binding, and the grim angel will insist upon its observance to the very letter. The bride or the mother must die, and the wretched man has to choose between two objects, each so tenderly loved. At the moment when the feelings of all are wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, Ary and his friends all fall on their knees, and intercede with Heaven for the reversal of the horrible doom that hangs over him. Heaven steps in where science dares not strive: the Angel of Death recognizes the divine decree, and takes his flight, announcing to the now happy Ary that the infernal pact is broken. Our readers will see that whatever may be the merits of this plot, its defects are not want of originality or boldness. The acting is said to be of a high order, and the entire success of the piece was beyond question.

ERRATUM.—In the review of the Rev. Daniel Moore's volume on *Preaching*, the following misquotation occurs: "circling or polished jets of glass;" it should have been "circling or foliated jets of gas."

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT?

It is a thought often occurring to literary men, public characters, and persons of benevolent intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry may be obtained, and a Specimen Book of Types, and information for authors, will be sent on application, by

RICHARD BARRETT, 13, Mark Lane, London.

"LOCK STITCH" SEWING MA-

CHINES, manufactured by the "Wheeler and Wilson" Manufacturing Company,—Office and Sale Rooms, 462, Oxford Street, London.—Recommended for their simplicity, fine mechanism, elegance of model and finish, speed, beauty, and durability of the work performed. They have been in use sufficiently long to thoroughly test their qualities, and give entire satisfaction. They are the favourite machine for domestic purposes, and are both suitable and profitable in the workshop.

Descriptive Pamphlets Gratis.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—THE OFFICE
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE ASSURANCE FRIENDLY SOCIETY is Removed to 13, Cannon Row, Westminster. To Volunteers.—This Society offers peculiar advantages to Volunteers. Mutual System of Accidental Assurance. With Profits. A person, aged 30 next birthday, by a yearly payment of £3 2s. 3d., can secure £100 at death; and should that event occur in consequence of any accident, except upon a railway, an additional £50 would be paid by the Society. If death be the result of railway accident, the sum of £100 would be paid over and above the amount of the policy. In case of illness arising from accident, an allowance of £2 per week would be made, without diminishing the amount assured. For Mechanics.—A Member, between 25 and 30 years of age, may, by payment of 2s. 11d. every calendar month, secure to himself medical attendance and medicine, 10s. per week during inability to work, arising from sickness or disablement from accident, and £10 at death. For Small Tradesmen.—Table of Monthly Payments to secure a certain sum at death, whenever it may happen, is prepared. Note.—A corresponding additional amount must be paid for every additional sum assured. Agents Wanted. Terms Liberal. Apply to W. RENDALL, Secretary.

Complete in Two super-royal 8vo. Vols., price £2 5s. cloth gilt.

TOMLINSON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL ARTS, Mechanics, Mining, and Civil Engineering. This work comprises upwards of 2,000 large Octavo Pages, and is illustrated by Forty Engravings on Steel and 2,477 Woodcuts.

London: JAMES S. VIRTUE, City Road and Ivy Lane.

S. W. SILVER and Co.'s OUTFITTING
WAREHOUSES, 66 and 67, CORNHILL, E.C.—OUTFITS for Australia, India, and China, for Naval and Military Officers, Cadets, Midshipmen, and Civilians; clothing for gentlemen's home use, viz., Naval and Military uniforms, and civilian dress of the best material and workmanship; shirts, hosiery, gloves, &c.; ladies' outfits; furniture for camp, barracks, cabin, and colonial use, embracing every variety of cabinet work, canteens, trunks, portmanteaus, &c., suited to all climates.

Manufactory, Silvertown (opposite H.M. Dockyards), Woolwich.

E. LESLIE and CO. beg to inform their friends and customers that they have now on consignment a large Stock of first-growth CLARETS and CHAMPAGNE, lately landed, from Houses of the best growers in France.

St. Emilion, per dozen, duty paid	24s.
Bennes Cotes " "	24s.
St. Christol " "	26s.
St. Estephe " "	32s.
Chateau Leovill " "	66s.
Chateau Latour " "	96s.
Champagne " "	24s., 36s., 38s., & 48s.

Shipping and the Trade supplied.

E. LESLIE and CO.,

London, February 4, 1861. 32, Fenchurch Street.

H. PEARCE, SODA-WATER, LEMON-ADE, GINGER BEER, and MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,

44, UPPER RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, W.

H. P. returns thanks for past favours, and solicits a continuance of the same, also their recommendations. Private Families supplied at Wholesale Prices by taking not less than three dozen.

Goods delivered to all parts of Town daily.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

By Her Majesty's Letters Patent.

FIRE! FIRE!!! FIRE!!!—New Patent FIRE IGNITERS, Six for One Penny; lights the fire instantly, without the aid of wood or paper. By placing the point upwards and lighting the top with a match, a brilliant fire is immediately made. To hotel-keepers, institutions, and others, it is invaluable; boiling a kettle in ten minutes. Sole Agents: GEORGE BASHAM and Co., 8, Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E. Sold by all grocers, oilmen, ironmongers, etc.—Agents Wanted.

DR. CURTIS ON NERVOUSNESS, &c.

Just published, price 1s., post free from the Author for Twelve Stamps.

A MEDICAL ESSAY ON THE CAUSE and CURE OF PREMATURE DECLINE IN MAN, with plain directions for perfect restoration to health and vigour, the result of twenty-five years' successful practice in the treatment of those peculiar nervous and mental diseases which tend to embitter and shorten life. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, 15, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London. Consultations, 10 till 3, and 6 to 8.

REVIEWS OF THE WORK.—"There is no member of society by whom the book will not be found useful—whether such person hold the relation of a parent, preceptor, or clergyman."—*Sun*, Evening Paper.

"This is a very useful work; it describes the sources of those diseases which produce decline in youth, or more frequently premature old age."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 27, 1858.

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

A CLEAN and PERFECT COPY OF THE "TIMES" NEWSPAPER, from July, 1852, to December, 1852, strongly bound in six volumes, half-calf, neat, to be disposed of at an extraordinary low price. For further particulars apply, by letter only, to T. R., Art-Journal Office, 294, City Road, London, E.C.

FOR FAMILY ARMS—Send Name and County to the Royal Heraldic Studio and Library; in a few days you will receive a Correct Copy of your Armorial Bearings. Plain Sketch, 3s.; in Heraldic Colours, with written description, 6s.; Large Size, 12s. Family Pedigrees, with original grant of Arms, to whom and when granted, the origin of the name, all traced from authentic records, fee 2 guineas. An Index, containing the Names of nearly all Persons entitled to use Arms, as extracted from the British Museum, Tower of London, Herald's College, &c., &c. The Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, 3s. 6d., post free. — By T. CULLETON, Genealogist, Lecturer on Heraldry, at the Mechanics' Institute, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. The Heraldic Colours for Servants' Liveries, 5s.

ARMS, CRESTS, &c., Engraved in the Best Style. Crest on Seals or Rings, 7s. On Steel Die, 6s. Initials, 1s. 6d. per Letter. Book Plate, Engraved with Arms, 10s.; or Crest, 5s. Postage and Registered Letter, 1s. extra. T. CULLETON, Heraldic Engraver by Appointment to the Queen, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

SOLID GOLD RING (18 Carat, Hall Marked), Engraved with Crest, 42s.; Large Size, for Arms, 75s. On receipt of P. O. order the sizes will be sent to select from. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

STAMP YOUR OWN PAPER—with Arms, Crest, Initials, or Name and Address, by means of CULLETON'S PATENT EMBOSSEING PRESS, 15s.; Best Make, 21s. Any person can use them. T. CULLETON, Die Sinker to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

FAMILY ARMS, &c.—Emblazoned for Painting on Carriages or Needlework, 6s.; Best Style, 12s. Gothic and Modern Monograms Designed, 5s. Arms Quartered, Impaled, and Patented on Vellum, according to the laws of Heraldry. By T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Die Sinker, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

WEDDING CARDS—For Lady and Gentleman—50 each. 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name printed inside, 13s. Visiting Cards—A Copper Plate Engraved in any Style, with Name and 50 Cards Printed for 2s., post free.—N.B.—All Orders executed by return of post, for Stamps or Cash.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Die Sinker, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—Mark your Linen. The best and only method of Marking Linen, Silk, Stockings, Coarse Towels, or Books, so as to prevent the Ink washing out, is with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES. By means of this novel invention a thousand pieces of Linen can be Marked in a few hours. Initials, 1s. each; Name, 2s. 6d.; Set of Moveable Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest Plate, 5s., with the necessary Directions for Use. Post free. Certificate from the eminent Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, &c.

"Several trials with Mr. CULLETON'S Patent Electro-Silver Plates, for Marking Linen, induce me to pronounce them excellent; the letters are beautifully marked in a deep black colour, without blotting; and after a long boiling, with either Potash or Soda, they remain unaltered. Other Plates which I tried decomposed the Ink, and in many cases burned holes in the Linen. I can testify Mr. CULLETON'S Plates are incorrodible, and will not hurt the finest fabric.

(Signed) "SHERIDAN MUSPRATT,

"College of Chemistry, Liverpool.

May 15th, 1854."

All Orders to be sent to the Patentee and Sole Maker, T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

. All Orders executed by return of Post.

When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

FORGERY and FRAUD.—Understanding that there is at present an attempt being made by some unprincipled parties in our city to deceive the public with an inferior Starch, made up in packets closely resembling the GLENFIELD STARCH, we consider it our duty to warn our fair readers to be careful when purchasing to see that the word "GLENFIELD," and the maker's name, "ROBERT WOTHERSPOON," is on every package, as none others are genuine.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will insure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 98, New Street, Birmingham;

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACE-CHURCH STREET, LONDON.

DIP CANDLES TO BURN WITHOUT SNUFFING.

PALMER and CO.'S VICTORIA SNUFFLESS DIPS, 8d. per lb., manufactured of improved materials, free from smell, a good colour, may be carried without guttering, burn longer than ordinary dips, give a better light. Preferable for Schools, Private Families, and indeed for the general use of all.

Sold by all Grocers and Candle Dealers, and wholesale by PALMER and Co., the Patentees, Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED in a few minutes, without injury to the skin.

Ten years' trial has proved the efficacy of ATKINS' PREPARATION for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least injury to the skin. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 5s. money order or stamps.

Copy of a Testimonial proving the efficacy of the above preparation.

"Eaton Square, London, June 20, 1860.

"Miss Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Atkins, and respectfully states and thanks him at the same time for the complete success she derived from using his preparation. It was the means of removing the disfigurement on the face, with which she had been previously troubled for many years."

Numerous other testimonials can be seen (if required) as to its efficacy.

ATKINS' HEAD LOTION cleanses the Skin of the Head and improves the hair by one application. Price 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle.

ATKINS' HAIR RESTORATIVE, a certain preparation for restoring and beautifying the Human Hair, producing Eyebrows, Whiskers, and Moustaches in a few weeks. Price 5s. per Pot.

Wholesale Agents—Barclay and Sons, London; Raimes and Co., Edinburgh, and 40, Hanover Street, Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., Bridge Street, York. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hair Dressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors.

The above preparations are prepared by John Atkins, Perfumer, 1, Falcon Villa, Falcon Road, Battersea, near London.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS.

RELIEF FOR ALL SUFFERINGS.—The grand secret of attaining happiness is to secure health, without which whatever other blessings are possessed, life is stripped of all its pleasures. The first irregularity of function should be checked and set right by the sufferer, who can always do so by using Holloway's purifying medicaments according to his instructions, which are so intelligible that all who read can understand them. Holloway's remedies, seasonably applied, always prevent or cut short disordered action, and save families much anxiety and suffering. In all throat and chest affections, so common to our climate, this Ointment well rubbed upon the throat, back, or chest, will successfully oppose every insidious symptom and re-establish health.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S General Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse,

39, OXFORD STREET; 1, 14, 2, 3, and 4, NEWMAN STREET; 4, 5, and 6, PERRY'S PLACE; and 1, NEWMAN MEWS, LONDON, W.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than 25 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when Plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d
12 Table Forks.....	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Table Spoons.....	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 10 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 10 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 10 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.—34 inch ivory-handled table knives, with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert to match, 10s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 20s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine ivory, 32s.; if with silver ferrules, 30s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; dessert, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 3d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 4d. per dozen; dessert, &c.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table spoons, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, AND CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set, to £4 4s.

The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S General Furnishing Ironmongery Catalogue

MAY BE HAD GRATIS, AND FREE BY POST.

It contains upwards of 500 ILLUSTRATIONS of his limited stock of sterling silver and Electro-plated, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gaseliers, Tea Trays, Urns and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilette Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Redding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c. &c., with Lists of Prices, and plans of the

TWENTY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS.

ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL, St. Margaret's, Isleworth. For educating at a reduced cost (to the parents) the daughters of necessitous Naval and Marine Officers. Under the Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. An election of Pupils will take place early in July next. Applications must be in office before 1st May. All persons can vote who become contributors before the day of Election. A limited number of Pupils (daughters of Naval officers) are admitted at £40 per annum, without election.

Donations and Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. Each donation of £2 2s. and each 5s. annual subscription, give one vote respectively, and in like proportion for all additional contributions. Every information may be obtained from Mr. Arthur Ellis, R.N., the Secretary, 32, Sackville Street, London.—By order of the Committee.

FRANCIS MAUDE, Capt. R.N. } Honorary Secretaries.
GEORGE HOPE, Capt. R.N. }

DEPOSIT BANK, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Current accounts may be opened free of charge. £5 per cent. allowed on deposits at seven days' notice. £6 per cent. when invested for two or more years. Cash credits granted on responsible guarantees. Established 1847. E. W. SEALE, Manager.

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, NEW CROSS.

For qualifying its pupils (whether sons of Naval and Marine Officers or not) for the Universities, for the Naval, Military, and Indian Services, and for mercantile or other pursuits. In consequence of the high price of provisions and all other necessities, the maximum terms for the sons of Naval and Marine Officers will be increased from £30 to £35 per annum, on all new admissions, at and after Midsummer next, but will not have a retrospective effect. This sum includes Books, Stationery, Washing, Medical Attendance, &c., and instruction in German, which has lately been included in the general system of education, instead of being charged for as an extra. New Pupils are admissible at Lady-day next. Admission at the rate of £25 and £15 per annum, respectively, is still open for the sons of Naval and Marine Officers whose circumstances do not enable them to pay the maximum charge of £35. The Regulations, containing a statement of the system of education, with the Prizes, Scholarships, and Naval and Marine Cadetships open to competition, can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

By Order of the Council,

ALFRED EAMES, Secretary.

New Cross, Kent, S.E., Feb. 19, 1861.

SCOTT ADIE, LINSEY-WOOLSEY MANUFACTURER to her MAJESTY and all the FOREIGN COURTS, respectfully solicits an inspection of his very superior STOCK of New Colours and Designs for LADIES' DRESSES and Petticoats. Having recently made extensive alterations and enlargements in his premises, he is enabled to show a much greater choice of his HAND-LOOM MANUFACTURES than his limited space has hitherto permitted him to do.

SCOTT ADIE,

115 and 115A, REGENT STREET, corner of Vigo Street.

Patterns sent to the country free.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By its whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate headress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.—C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

MONEY ADVANCED on FURNITURE, &c. NO LAW EXPENSES.

REMOVAL of goods unnecessary.—BOUGHT if desired. Apply to Mr. R. Low, 2, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE AQUARIUM.—LLOYD'S PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS for TANK MANAGEMENT, with DESCRIPTIVE and PRICE LIST, 162 pages, and 101 Engravings, post free for 21 stamps. Apply direct to W. ALFORD LLOYD, Portland Road, Regent's Park, London, W.

Many manuals have been published upon AQUARIA, but we confess we have seen nothing for practical utility like this.—*The Era*, Oct. 14, 1860.

FRENCH, German, and other NEWSPAPERS supplied at reduced charges direct by first mail, post free. Le Monde (late L'Univers). L'Universel (Bruxelles). L'Union Chrétienne. Bien Public (Bruxelles).

Also Special Office for Gallanini's Messenger. L'Illustration. Illustrirte Leipzig Zeitung. Allgemeine Zeitung. Frankfurt O. P. Zeitung. La Illustracion (Madrid). Journal de Constantinople. Gazette de Cologne. Il Piccolo Tesoro di Torino. Indépendance Belge. Le Nord. New York Tribune, &c. New York Herald. Hamburg Correspondent.—Advertisements inserted in the above, and every other newspaper in the world.

S. H. LINDLEY, 19, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C. Translations in all languages. A List sent on application post free.

All Direct or Post-office Orders to be made payable to SAMUEL H. LINDLEY, at the Strand Office, London, W.C.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.

Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address, sent to

O. P. BROWN,

No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicine, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposal of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

"HE RELIEVES YOUR SUFFERINGS DISINTERESTEDLY!"—Who does? Old Dr. H. James. This famous old retired physician has suddenly reappeared before the world, as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. He went to the East Indies, it will be remembered, many years ago, an almost heart-broken man, with his little daughter—an only child—who was given up to die of consumption, which she inherited from her mother. Becoming acquainted with the great power and wonderful invigorating and restoring qualities of preparations made from East India Hemp, he set to work and studied and experimented, until he had a medicine that restored his child to health and happiness. Since then, the Doctor made and gave this medicine to all consumptives with whom he came in contact; and it never failed to effect a speedy and permanent cure. He was a few months ago prevailed upon to make this marvellous and blessed remedy public.—*Atlas*.

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND."—In these days of selfishness, it is refreshing to find one man whose acts are altogether disinterested. We allude to Dr. H. James. He worked hard until he made from Cannabis Indica, and other potent vegetables, a medicine that has cured everybody that has taken it, for either consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, and especially for nervous prostration or nervous disorders of all kinds. Try it.—*Messenger*.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—Let there be Light, said the Divine Architect, when he fashioned the earth from chaos, and there was light. If the 'regular faculty' (as the old-school physicians who take heathenish oaths, and adopt mystery in their practice, call themselves) were to follow the example of the famous retired physician, Old Dr. H. JAMES, and, having first enlightened themselves with regard to the causes and nature of diseases, would surround their medicines with LIGHT, mankind would be spared a great deal of terrible suffering, and the Bills of Mortality would be materially curtailed. Old Dr. H. JAMES makes no mystery with his wonderful medicine, the EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. He tells how, when, and where he discovered it; how it operates; what it is made of; and why it effects such radical changes for the better in the depressed and disorganized human system. His magical remedy galvanizes the shattered sinews into strength, and invigorates the brain. By healing all internal ulcerations, regulating the stomach and liver, purifying the blood and secretions, and acting as a substitute for food, it expels the worst maladies from the body, exhilarates the mind, and clothes the bones with sound and healthy flesh. It is the only cure for consumption and kindred diseases ever discovered. It is also a sovereign and speedy remedy for all ailments of the brain, stomach, liver, heart, and nerves.—*Liverpool Paper*.

"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY."—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is a sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. For further advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial.—*Birmingham Paper*.